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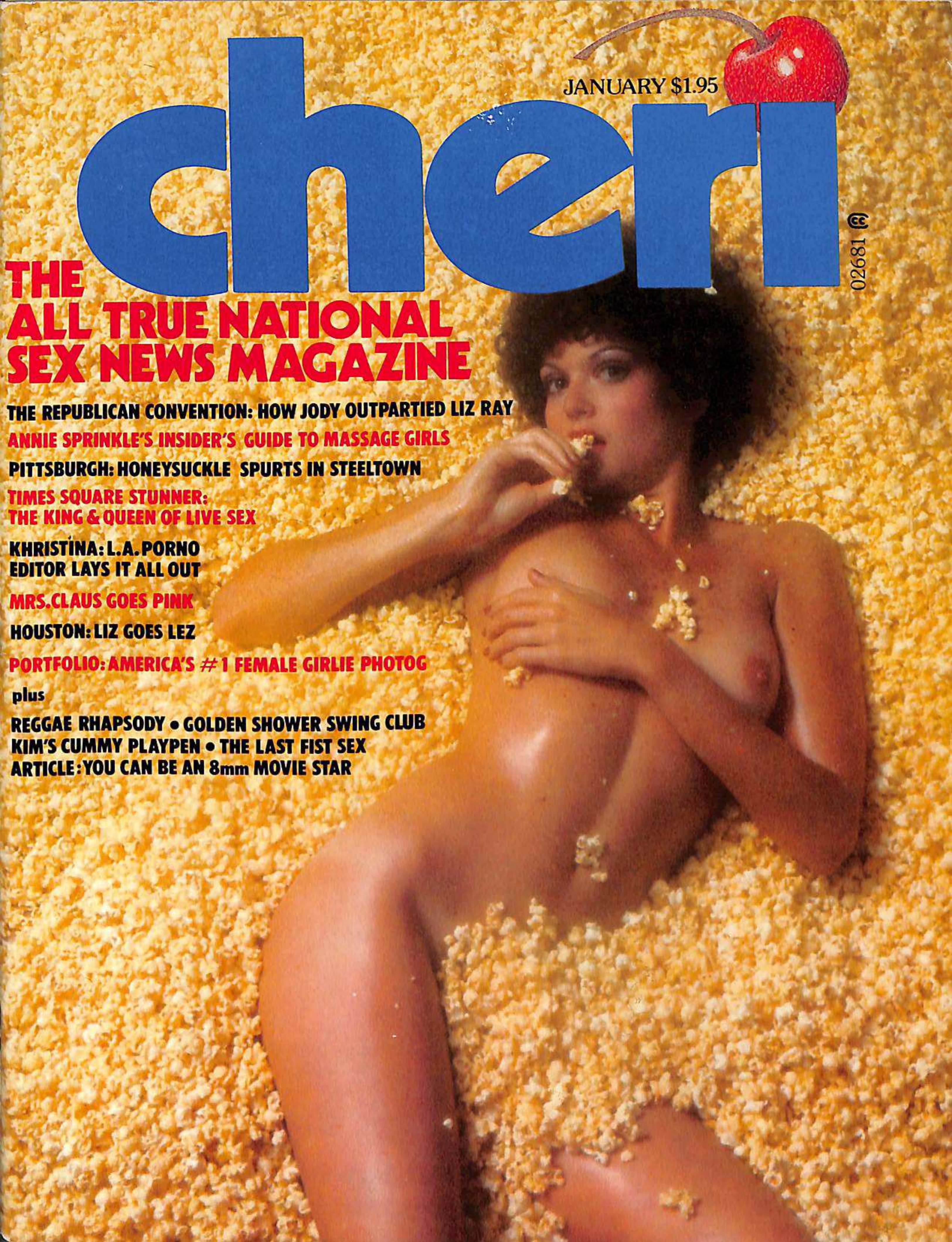
THE ALL TRUE NATIONAL SEX NEWS MAGAZINE



THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION: HOW JODY OUTPARTIED LIZ RAY

ANNIE SPRINKLE'S INSIDER'S GUIDE TO MASSAGE GIRLS

PITTSBURGH: HONEYSUCKLE SPURTS IN STEELTOWN

TIMES SQUARE STUNNER:
THE KING & QUEEN OF LIVE SEX

KHRISTINA: L.A. PORNO
EDITOR LAYS IT ALL OUT

MRS.CLAUS GOES PINK

HOUSTON: LIZ GOES LEZ

PORTFOLIO: AMERICA'S #1 FEMALE GIRLIE PHOTOG

plus

REGGAE RHAPSODY • GOLDEN SHOWER SWING CLUB
KIM'S CUMMY PLAYPEN • THE LAST FIST SEX
ARTICLE: YOU CAN BE AN 8mm MOVIE STAR

A CLASS ACT

Honey Midnite, the dainty morsel herewith pictured, is a Class Act. For one dollar American, you can eat her out on-stage during her strip act. Some people might consider this the epitome of Grossness. Not CHERI. Honey Midnite, despite an incredible past, digs Life, Love and Fun. She has balls. She has good friends. She's for real. Just like CHERI. We're a Class Act, too, even though we're maybe not as slick as the established rags. But we're *real*—and *all* true. You'll find shit on our pages you'll never see *anywhere else* in the world.

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and all Our Gang.
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A hand-painted happening by Roberto Morrison.

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OUR GANG

"Tight pussy, loose shoes, and a warm place to shit."

Earl Butz is undoubtedly a scumbag of the first order. But if he uttered those words in our magazine, any bar anywhere, most boardrooms and truckstops, zillions of kitchens and bedrooms, or most any other place (outside of churches and kindergartens), nobody would bat an eyelash.

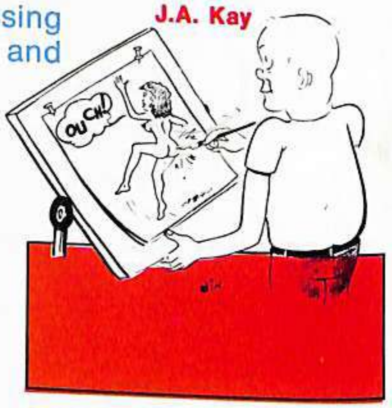
Shit, that's the way Americans talk. We're guttermouths and put-down artists, bad actors and bigots. In short, human beings.

Amid a bureaucracy of scumbags, dirty-joke tellers, whorechasers, closet freaks, petty sadists, and jerkoff queens, Earl Butz's chief sin was that he was the most visible and audible of the scumbags. As a result, every buttfucking, nigger-baiting would-be Washington pimp jovially jumped on his case. In a land gone apeshit over sex and going to the bathroom, our Congressional creeps still love to make public displays of agony every time they hear the word "screw" or "pussy." And the press gobbles this feces like a virgin's fresh load. In private, however, both journalists and lawmakers are passing themselves off as goodoleboys, mixing it up with the wimmen and cussing like destroyer crews.

In our culture, bigotry is condoned when power-broker Rockefeller and power-broker Albert rank house coon Bojangles Brooke. Why? Their phraseology is cleaner; the press "respects" them and doesn't make the item front-page. Besides, our nation objects to the word "pussy" much more than it does to the word "coon." You can't eight-six Rocky or Albert for calling a spade a spade. (Unfortunately, Albert made the mistake of fucking, too.)

Earl Butz was shitcanned because he said in public what many Americans say and feel in private. We would do ourselves a much better service to topple the sophisticated tricksters whose careful language, regal bearing, and manipulation of information masks the real obscenity.

—Peter Wolff



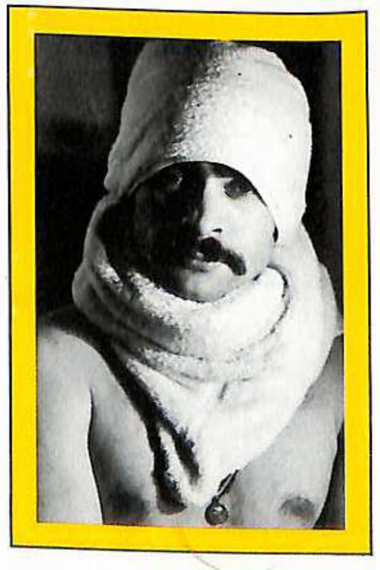
J.A. Kay

* * *

With this issue, we introduce two glamorous new editors to the CHERI family: Andrea Ambers and Ms. O. Bergine. We are also happy to welcome back Annie Sprinkle, our first centerfold (in her new incarnation as writer), Ric Dante of the *Los Angeles Star*, and photograper Robin Schwartz, the ms. who shot our first cover.

We'd also like to remind you that this is a reader participation magazine. We need your contributions. Send us a cocksucker for our $1000 blowjob contest. Write our CHERI Orchard columnists and get in on their unique 8mm movie offer. Recommend your favorite jugs for our Great American Tits search. Send us pictures, letters, give Suzanne a dirty phone call for lunch. Anything.

The sandbox is open. Come in and play.



Kravatz of Arabia

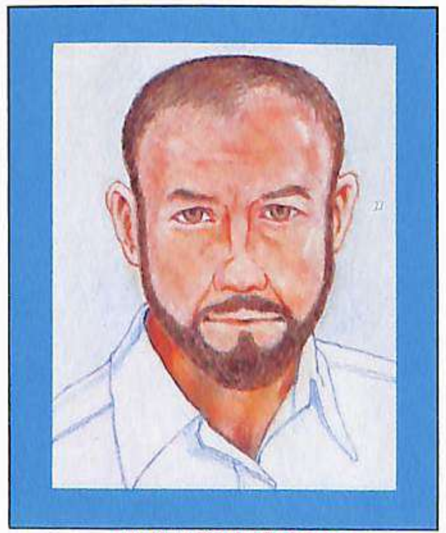
Our new managing editor Andrea Ambers

Beauty et bete: CHERI's Peter Wolff and High Society publisher Sue Richards

Ric Dante photographing compeer Khristina

Houston's gift to the Cheri Orchard, Liz Dean

Annie Sprinkle gobbles dwarfmeat in "Call Me Angel"



Artist Dick Schem

Managing editor O. Bergine

cheri

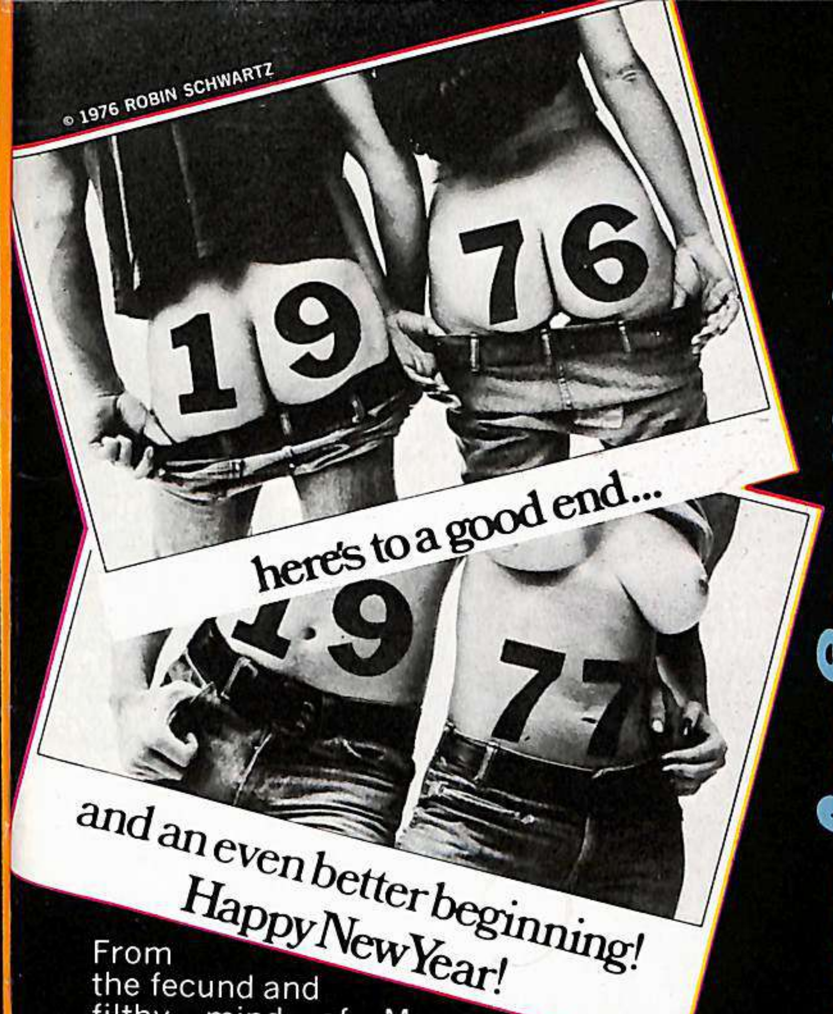
AMERI

Great American Tits Part V

Kew Gardens, New York, is a doubly distinguished hamlet. It's the place where Kitty Genovese bought it and where our own Baby Buddha, Peter Wolff, was born. In August, the Part One Lounge in K.G. held a wonderful Wet-T-Shirt Contest. All the formalities in this event were soon dispensed with and bare flesh bounced and abounded. "Dorothy" won. And this here's why.

Wet T Rip-Off?

TIM JODY

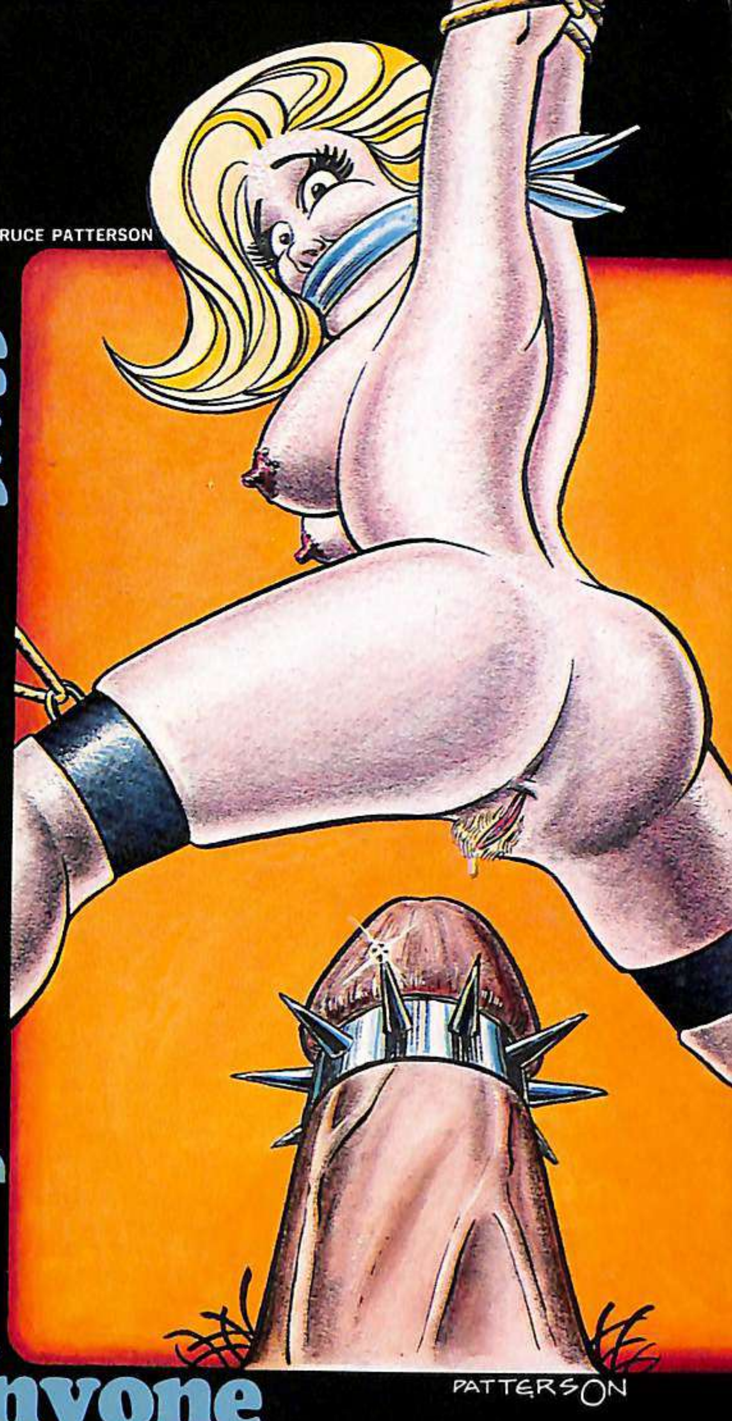

© 1976 ROBIN SCHWARTZ
19
76
here's to a good end...
19
77
and an even better beginning!
Happy New Year!

NEW YEAR'S PARTY POOPER-SCOOPER

From the fecund and filthy mind of Ms. Robin Schwartz (profiled elsewhere in this issue) comes a delightful New Year's card of her own creation. They cost $10 per box of 10 and are available by mail order from Robin Schwartz, 67 Second Avenue, New York City, N.Y. 10003.

a little agony never hurt anyone

BRUCE PATTERSON



A plate of Cherry Mung

Especially for the gourmands at CHERI, San Francisco photog Roberto Morrison has whipped up this tasty, albeit messy, confection. He calls it Cherry Mung. You take one on-the-rag raunchlet, add five pounds of gooky cherry jam, and season the whole mess with farts and smegma. It's the perfect climax to a Tupperware party or a watersports orgy.

ROBERTO MORRISON

PHOTO ASSOCIATES

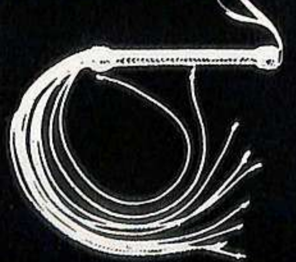
TWAT TRIBUNAL picks slick chick

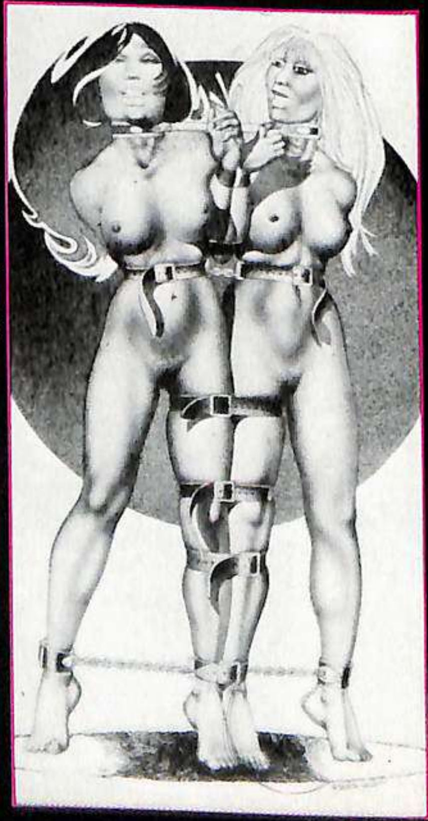
The '76 Ms. All-Bare America was a Shellfish Spectacular, featuring clams and mussels of just about every description. Joy Ryder, a beaver-baring rock singer (left, top and bottom) won the title over a pink-pussied yoga pretzel named Erica. Celebrity judges included Henny Youngman, Fanne Fox, Sue Richards, and our own portly Sultan of Sin, Peter Wolff.

TOM FOCUS

library for lashers

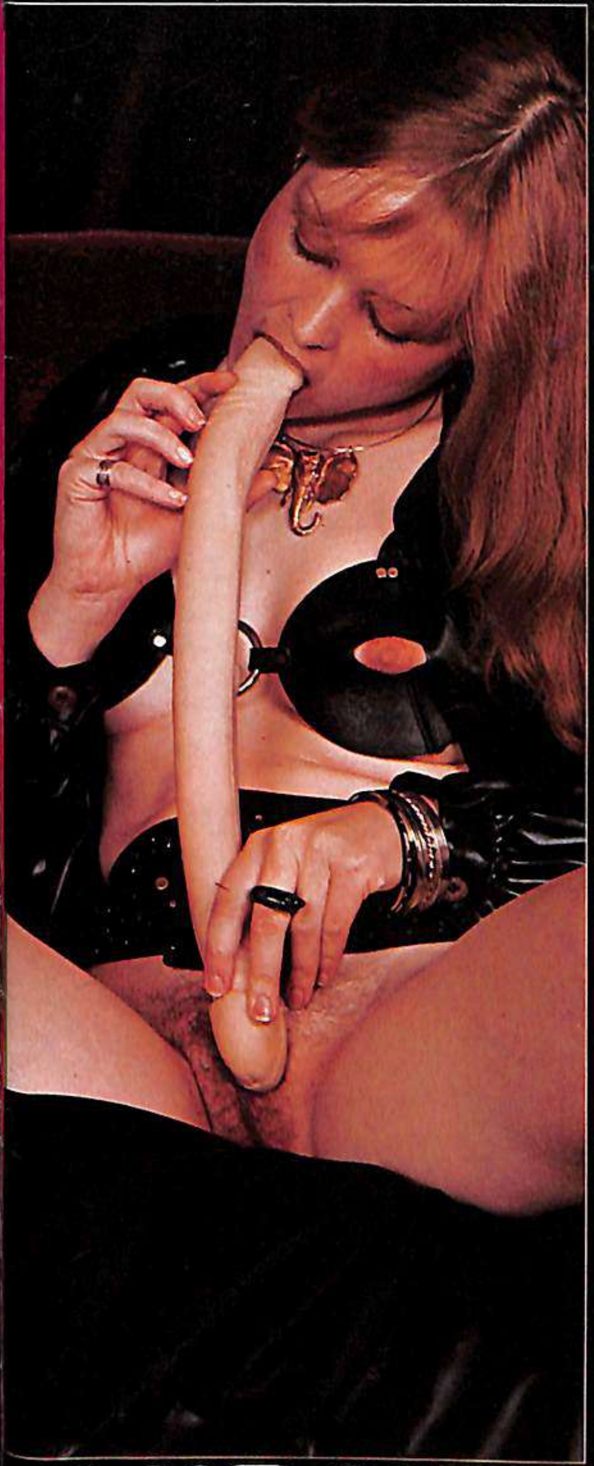
If yours is the rope route, SOA's **Bondage Buyers Guide & Almanac** has got to rank high on your list of literary must-haves. It's choker-chocked and comprehensive. You can order it from P.O. Box 24937, Los Angeles, Calif. Cover price is $4. For connoisseur and beginner.



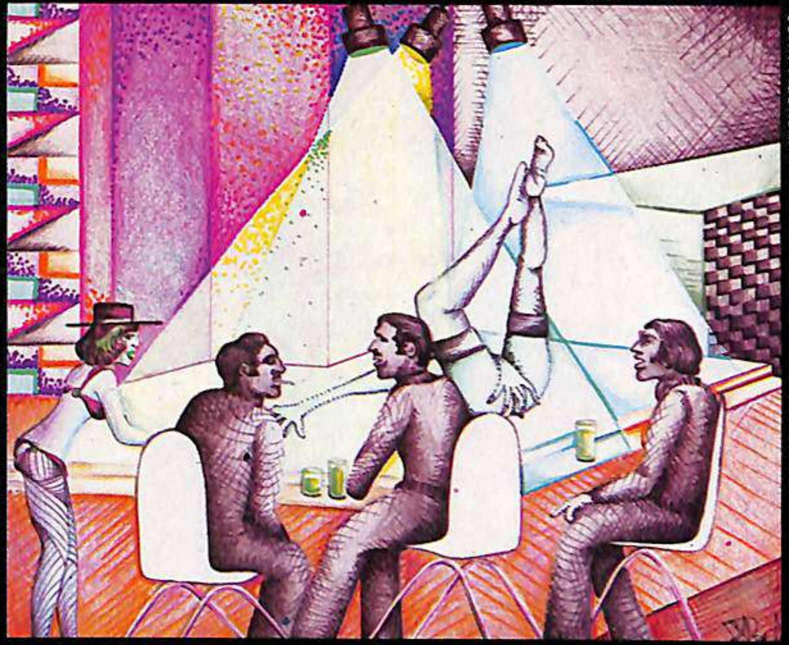


1977 S O A

ROBERTO MORRISON



ONE SIZE FITS ALL



JOHN FIGURSKI

from Topless to Shameless

Topless bars in New York are now, according to **The Village Voice**, nothing more than impromptu live sex shows. Read all about it next month in CHERI when the notorious Tequila tells all.

Snatch Match???

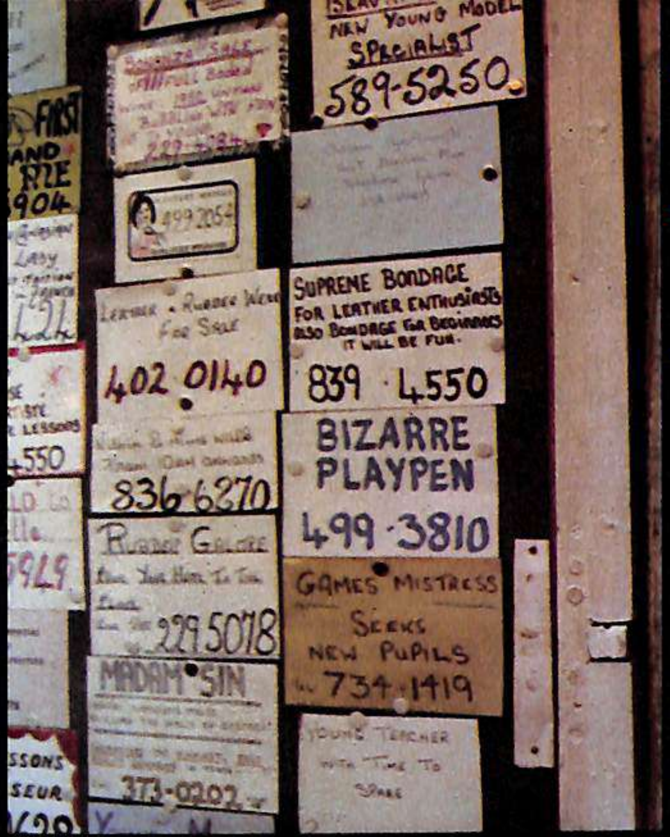
Snatch match

DAVID MALMUT

Remember the gorgeous blonde you picked up at the beach, only to discover five hours later—as she undraped her string off her pitch-black bush—that she was a fraud? Well, the New Products division here at CHERI Enterprises is working on the ultimate deceiver: hair dye for her hairpie!

AMERI cheri

AMERI cheri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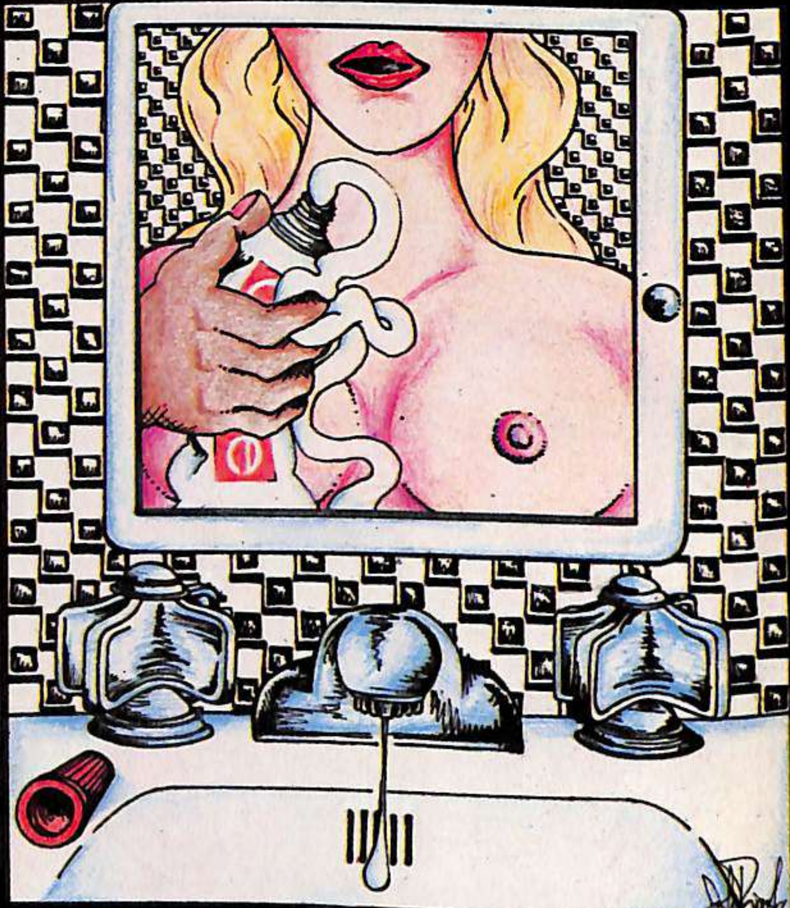
836-6270
GAMES MISTRESS
SEEKS
NEW PUPILS
734-1419
229 5018
MADAM SIN
YOUNG TEACHER
WITH TIME TO
SPARE
373-0202

SILVERBIRD

Bulletin Broads

There's this one college dorm we know of where the coeds have come up with a novel way of putting themselves thru school. "It pays to advertise" is the dominant ethic. The result is that they've turned the joint into a kinky playpen that turns over thousands of dollars a week. Just where "Ball" Hall is, we won't say. But it ain't Notre Dame or West Point. The Brazilian model who touts her wares thusly is actually a 19-year-old drama student from East Orange, New Jersey.

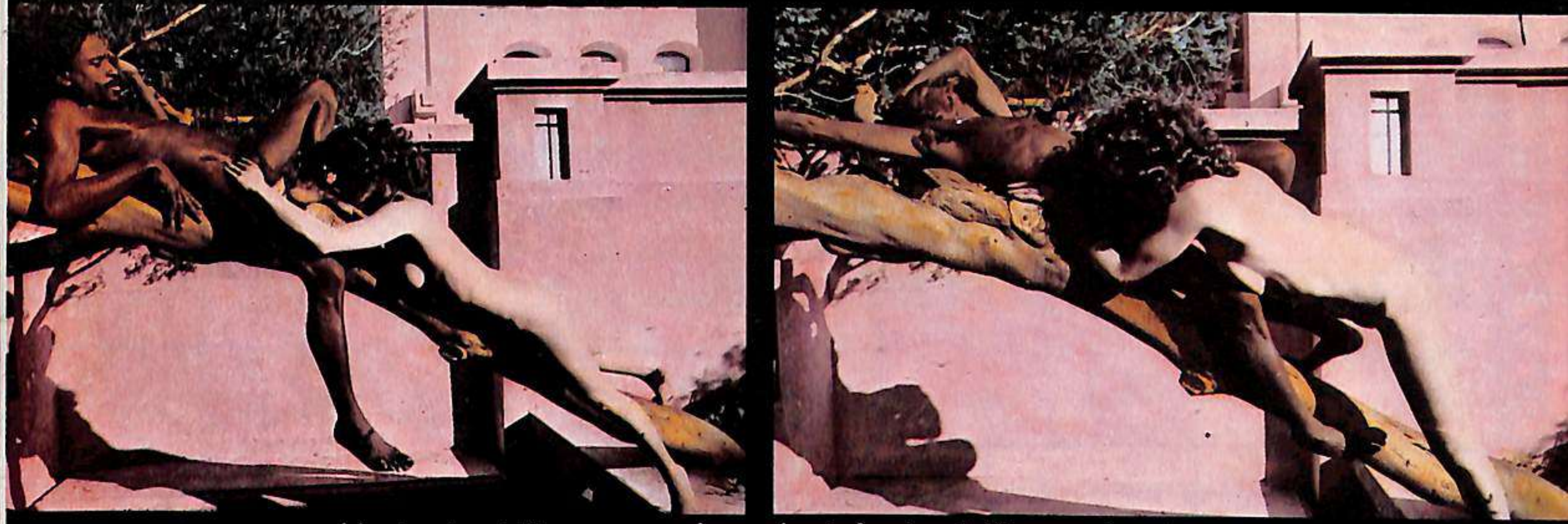
BRAZIL
MODEL
VERY VERSATILE
PLEASE
COME UP



JOHN FIGURSKI

squeezing the old tube

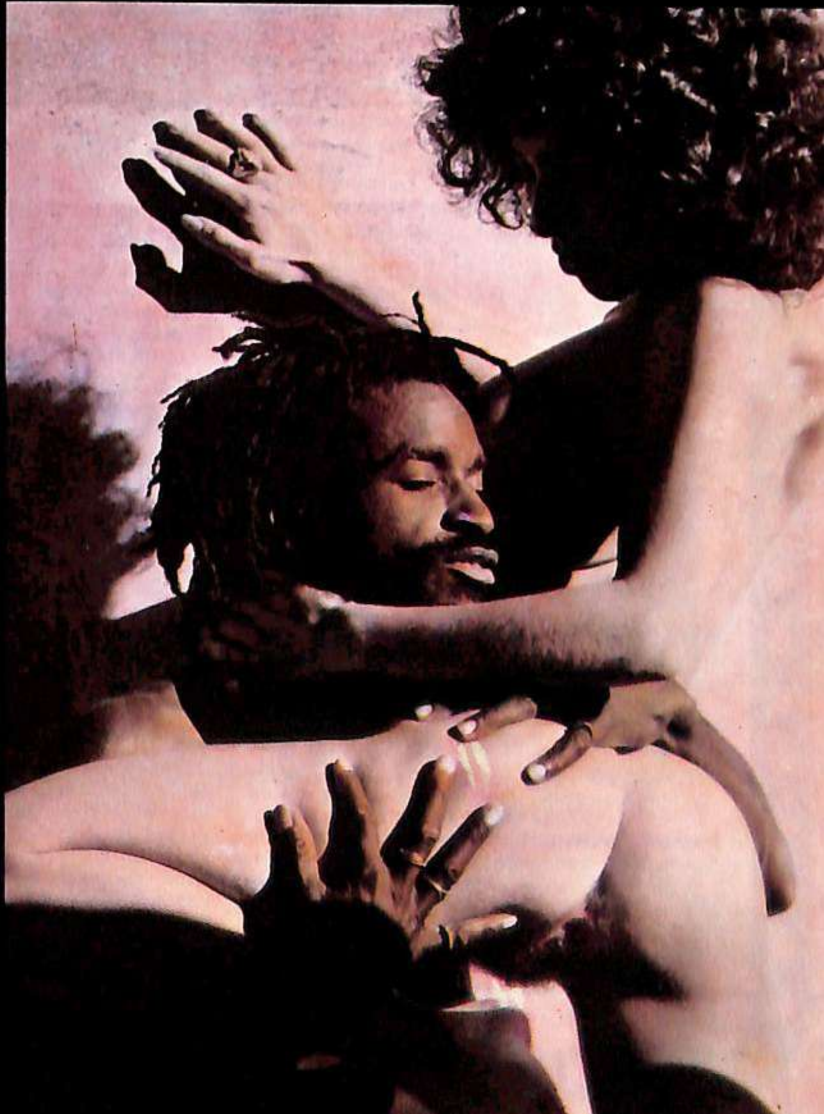
A shrink in Lima, Ohio, says you can tell whether or not she gives quality hand jobs by the way she squeezes her toothpaste. Gals for whom a little dab'll do tend to be tenderer and better at it, says the Buckeye nutcracker.

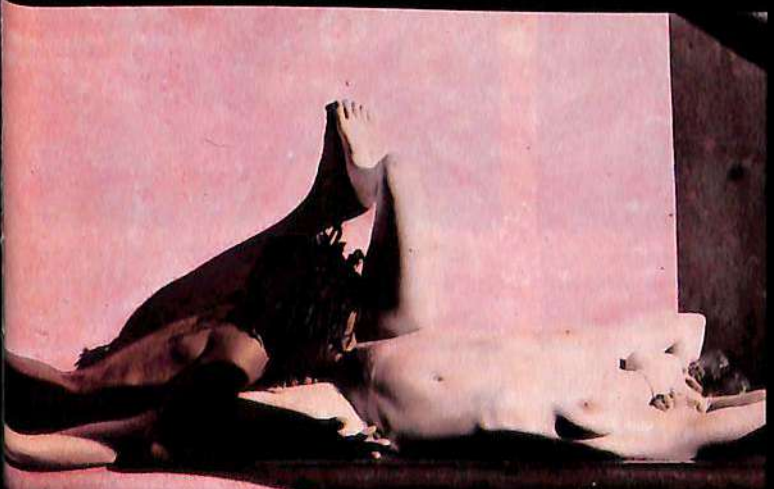


He looked like a monkey but fucked like a donkey.

REGGAE RHAPSODY

Hey mon you know de ting I like best 'bout my countree is when de mongoes get all ripe and soft and de papayas are hard and ready for de pickin'. I get me one of my fine Montego Bay ladies and have her pick de ripe fruit for me, slowly mon or de juice will spill and we must start all over again. De best part of de mongo you find after you peel back de skin and you lick de soft juicy fruit while some dribbles out of de sides of your mouth. You know man, in Jamaica dey say it's not how hard dey fuck, it's de harder dey come.





ROBERTO MORRISON

CLAM·O·RAMA

CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL
and
PETER WOLFF

HOT NASTIES Satanic silliness in which love and death conquer all. For your entertainment, you are provided with scenes of cocks being bitten off, slits being slashef, corpses puking green spinach, and snakes slithering up snatches. Yummy, yummy. Yet all this is mild compared to the leading lady's ass, which resembles the "before" shot in a cellulite commercial. Necrophiliacs may be midly amused. It stars Heather Leigh and Trevor Saunders. Catch Barbara Bourbon in a bit role as a cock-crazed coven cutie. (RA)

THE AFFAIRS OF JANICE A revolting look at pseudo-artistic misfits in Westchester. After non-stop sucking and fucking by his wife and others, a jealous husbnd flies into the cuckoo's nest, murders two people, frames his wife, and finds retributin at the hands of two horny ghosts. Ras Keen makes a handsome stud to C.J. Laing's simpering sex repository. Also prsent—for unintentional laughs—are Zebedy Colt as the eye-rolling husband, Crystal Harris as the cheating wife, Annie Sprinkle—who gets to sprinkle on Keen; and Bobby Astyr as a homosexual who prefers to fuck women. (Huh?) For those who crave wet climaxes, there's a refreshing underwater sex interlude.

THE TROUBLE WITH YOUNG STUFF This film, though overlong, gives us top-quality acting on both sides of the bedroom door. A devious houseguest (Sara Barnes) turns her two uptight hostesses (Christine Williams and Marlene Willoughby) into neighborhood nymphos. Although the final orgy scene—in which a cucumber plays a prominent part—stands out like a sore prick in context to the rest of the film, *The Trouble With Young Stuff* is one of the very few movies that attempts to deal with sexuality from a female point of view. This true blue film about blue-collar loving is highly recommended for liberated ladies and the men in their life—and in *them*.

BABY ROSEMARY A weird, often pretentious tale of a frigid female who craves ill use and abuse to warm her up. Star Sharon Thorpe went to the Tippi Hedren School of Dramatic Arts . . . and flunked. But buxom Leslie Bovee as a hooker with a snatch of pure gold generates enough sexual electricity to light all the brothels in Frisco. She shares acting honors with John Leslie as a copulating cop and Ken Scutter as a near-drooling degenerate. The rape scene—thanks to Scutter—is so tempestuous it could give Ms. Brownmiller's clam an epileptic fit. (RA)

LITTLE ORPHAN SAMMY Based on a comic strip about another little orphan, this expensive pastiche fails to generate much sexual excitement due to strange, almost soft-core editing. Jennifer Wells chews up the scenery in her eye-batting role of a villainous vamp. She meets her match with Rocky Millstone (Sammy), who, after fucking her brains out, shows her that the true-blue American way of greed and sex is meatier than Marxism. (RA)

KINKORAMA More like "Stinkorama." This collection of antique Lasse Braun loops has little to recommend it except for the raunch value intrinsic in old-fashioned, grainy stag films. As a binding agent there has been added a feebleminded story of a sex therapist who screens porn for married couples with problems. Gorgeous Gloria Leonard adds a touch of class to the sordid goings-on as the therapist, but unfortunately she succumbs under the influence of dreary dialogue. Brigitte Maier is featured as a sex-drunk housewife in one of the endless loops.

NO NAMES PLEASE

DISGUSTING HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

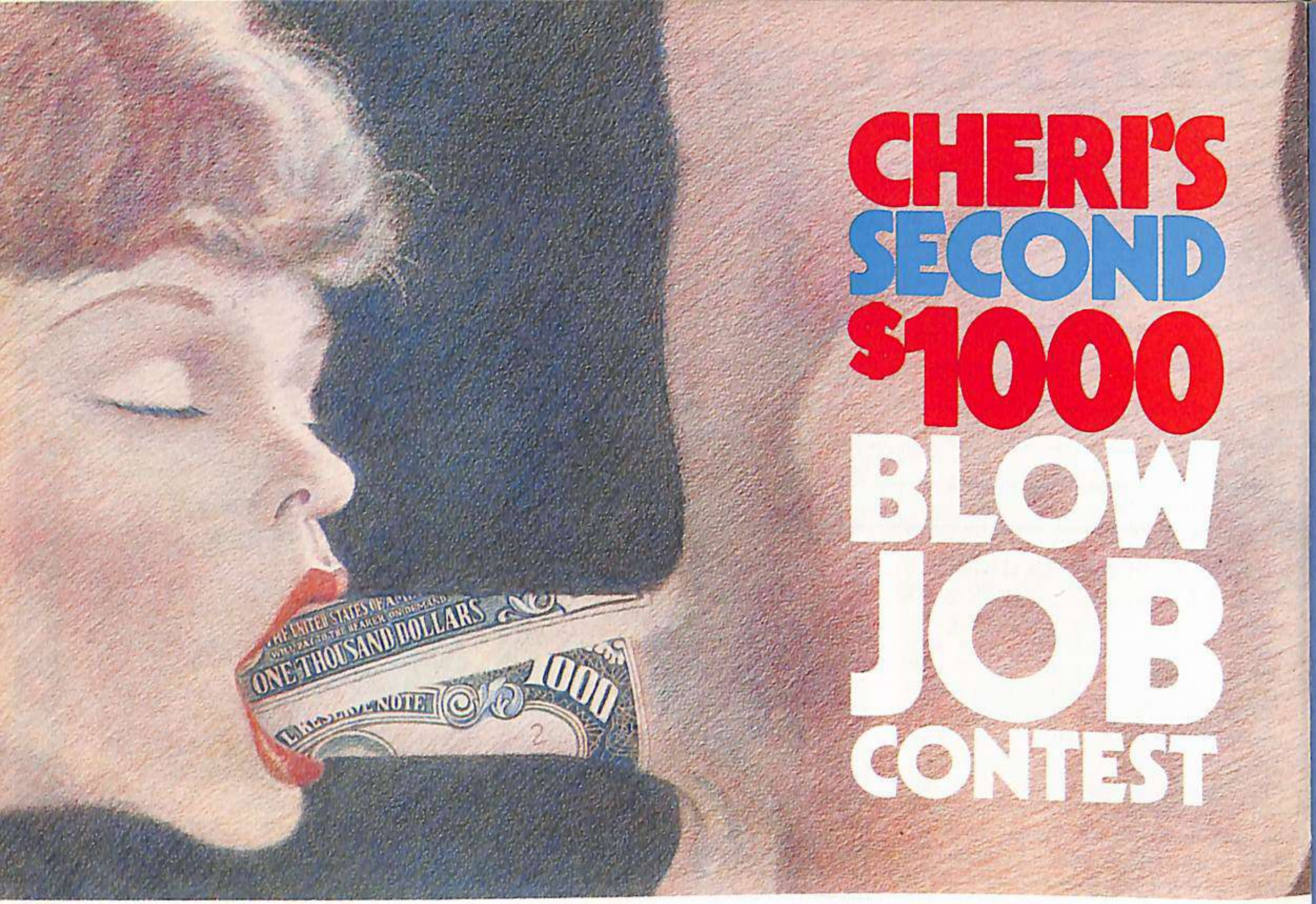
By Telly Tall

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)

PREVIEWS OF CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

Next month I'll bring you a steaming Continental Cunt Queen, very big in European movies, who went for an abortion, poor thing, and ended up doing the doctor *and* his two nurses in a swift pre-operative turn-about . . . also an Old-Time screen favorite who's found a fabulous new way to prop it up after decades of sitting around with a fat scrapbook and a limp set . . . and a rumor-ridden TV star who likes to play toilet to urinary incontinents! . . . Until then, do the best you can without me!

CHERI'S SECOND $1000 BLOW JOB CONTEST



Well, we *blew* it.

Our first $1,000 Cocksucking Contest ended almost before it began, on July 30th. The response was fantastic but forty days was hardly enough time to begin to scratch the surface of America's fellational resources.

So we're holding a second contest. Same rules. Same prizes. It's for all you Janie-cum-latelies who didn't get your letters into our first contest.

Here's what we want.

We want any reader who so desires to sit down and write a 150-word description of the attitudes and techniques of his all-time favorite cocksucker. We want, if possible, a picture of her, and we want, for certain, a letter from her indicating that she knows her name is being entered in our contest—and stating that she wil be willing to come to CHERI's New York offices to collect her prize.

A panel of experts will judge the letters. It will include CHERI editor Peter Wolff and movie actresses Kim Pope, Gloria Leonard, and Jody Maxwell.

The writer of the five best letters will receive $100. And the girl who we decide is America's "numero uno" eater of weiner will receive a check for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in recognition of her skills.

At the same time, our readers are also invited to submit a letter of 150 words describing "the ultimate blow job."

The winner of this contest—our national Dreamsuck Fantasy essay contest—will receive a trip to New York and a dinner-date with the winner of our $1000 Blowjob contest.

Somewhere out there is a woman born to give head, someone who turns the grimy science of licking dick into an Art Form.

We want her. She's the Dream of a Lifetime. And you can share her with us.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART I

Rules:

1) Contest ends Jan. 31, 1977. Decisions of the judges is final.
2) All letters and photographs become the property of CHERI Publications, Inc. and may be reprinted in part or in whole subject to vertification. Model releases will be sent prior to publication to any persons whose pictures are under consideration to appear in the magazine.
3) You do not have to buy the magazine to enter.
4) Mail entries to CONTEST, CHERI MAGAZINE, 208 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.
5) Enclose a 150-word essay on the superlative cocksucking abilities of your wife, girlfriend, secretary, friend, sister, roommate, or whatever, including her name and a recent photograph.
6) Have the contestant enclose a letter stating her willingness, should she win the contest, to come to New York and claim her prize—$1,000!

My name ________ **Age** ________
Address ________
City ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________
Signature ________
***Her* name** ________ **Age** ________
Address ________
Phone number ________
City ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________
Contestant's signature ________

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART II

Please include my name in your 2nd Annual Dreamsuck Essay Contest Sweepstakes. I understand that if I win this sweepstakes I will get a free trip to New York and a dinner date with the winner of your $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Name ________ **Age** ________
Address ________
City ________ **State** ________ **Zip** ________
Phone number ________

Mail to: CONTEST, CHERI MAGAZINE,
208 E. 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

THE FIRST FAMILY OF ON-STAGE FUCKERY

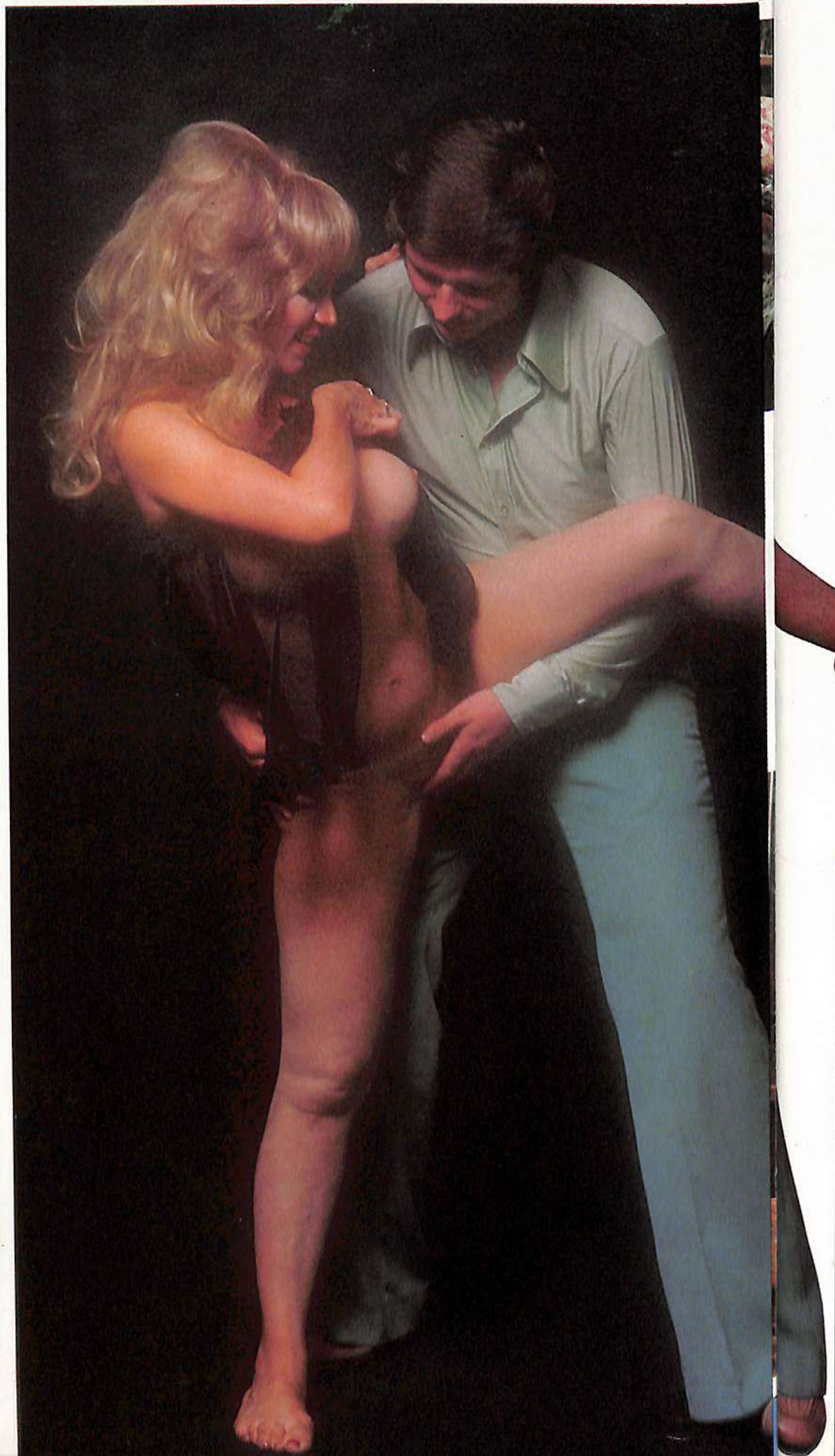
by RICHARD MILNER

PHOTOS BY CARL KRAVATS

Fuck your wife on Broadway!—and get paid for it?? Erotic entrepreneurs Terri and Phil are doing it within cum-shot of other great family shows like *My Fair Lady*, right in the crotch of New York's prestigious theater district.

The former All-City basketball biggie and his steaming Spanish succulent are braving packed houses *four times a day*, in the wildest show to hit the Great White Way since King Kong did it to Fay Wray down the block. And these two do it *live*! CHERI's Richard Milner caught them gasping between acts in this exclusive interview.

Big Phil and his newlywed nympho, Terri, are the hottest act on the live sex circuit.



MILNER: How do you feel about doing a live sex act on stage with your husband?

TERRI: I don't feel great about it. If I wasn't working with Phil, I couldn't do this. I couldn't go on stage and make love with nobody else. Even with him, in that theater where we do it five times a day, I was ready to break out with my nerves. Five times a day is too much. I can't take it.

MILNER: So you're nervous about it, are you?

TERRI: Oh, yes. It's terrible. The first week, the whole week . . . I lose my appetite, and I used to come home and cry. I feel like I'm doing something terrible, something very bad. Now I feel more relaxed, but I don't feel completely comfortable. But we need money and they offer us good money, so I do it.

MILNER: You must get along really well to be able to do this . . .

PHIL: We get along good, but you know, any two persons living together have their problems.

MILNER: Isn't this really a fantastic strain to put on a relationship? To fuck in public every day?

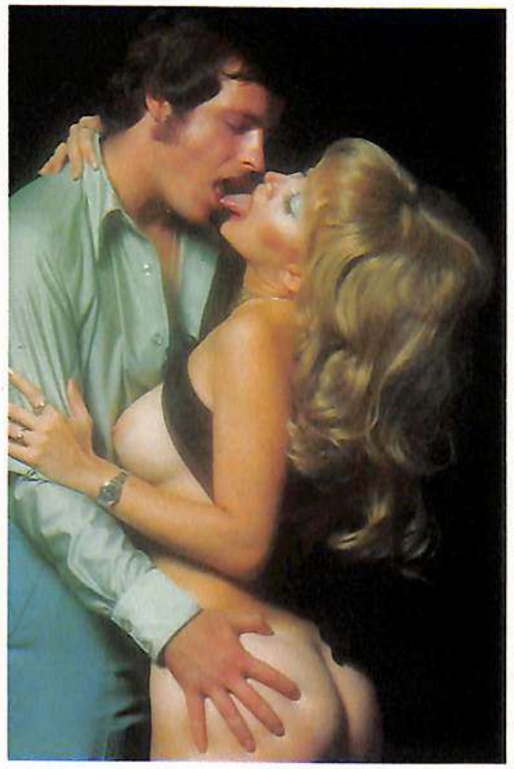
PHIL: It is, it's a strain. In fact, we were thinking of quitting the other day. But there's no other way for us to make this kind of money.

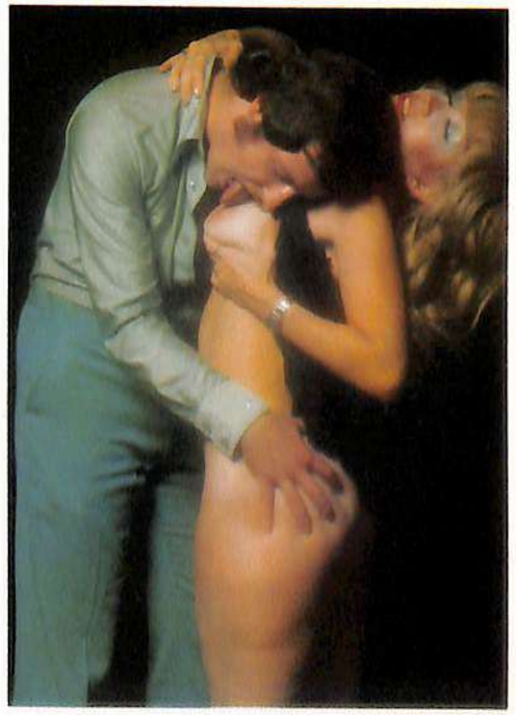
MILNER: Does your work cause fights between you?

PHIL: A fight has nothing to do with our work. We're professionals.

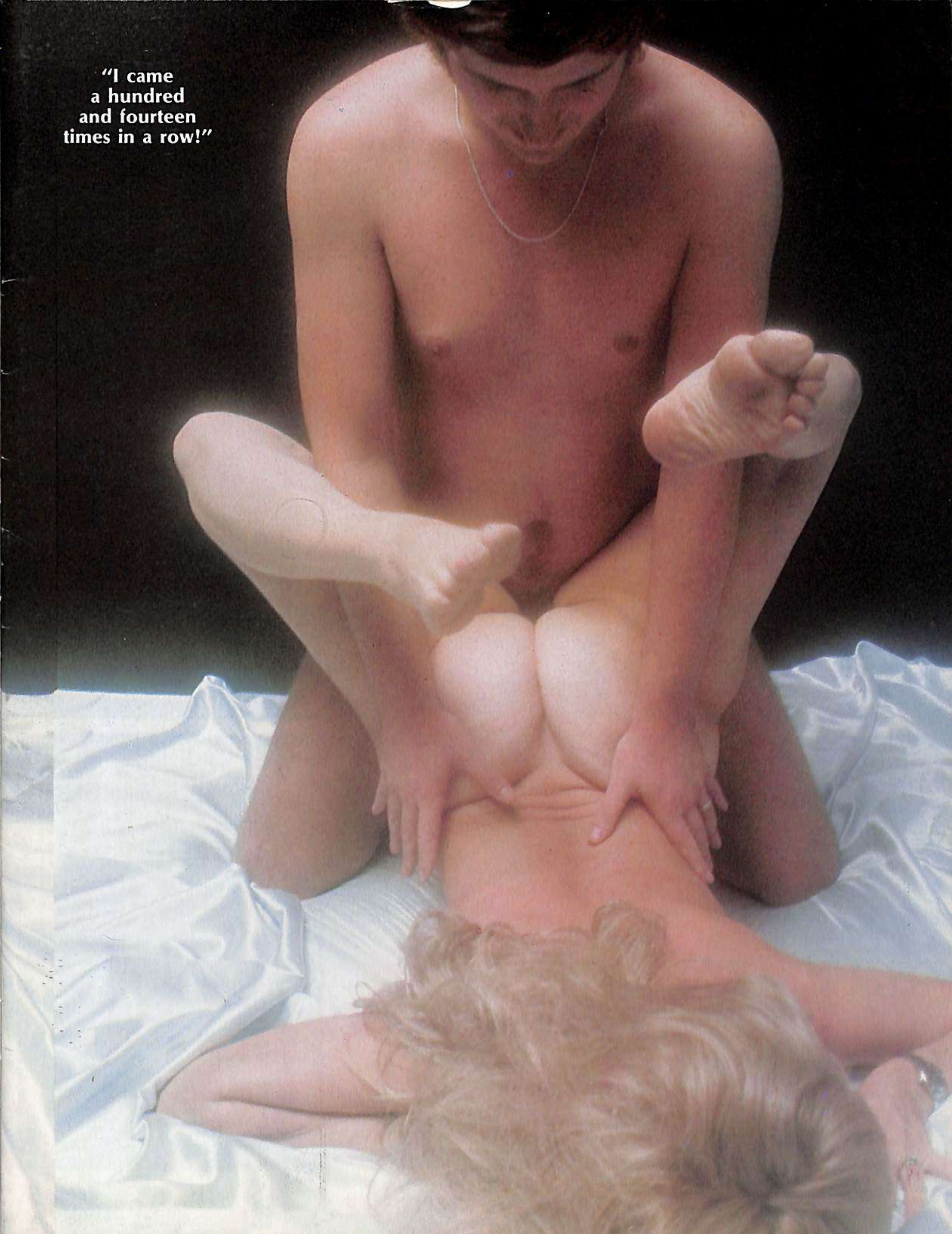
MILNER: You mean even if you're pissed off at each other you go onstage and fuck like parakeets?

"They have to pay extra if they want me to cum."

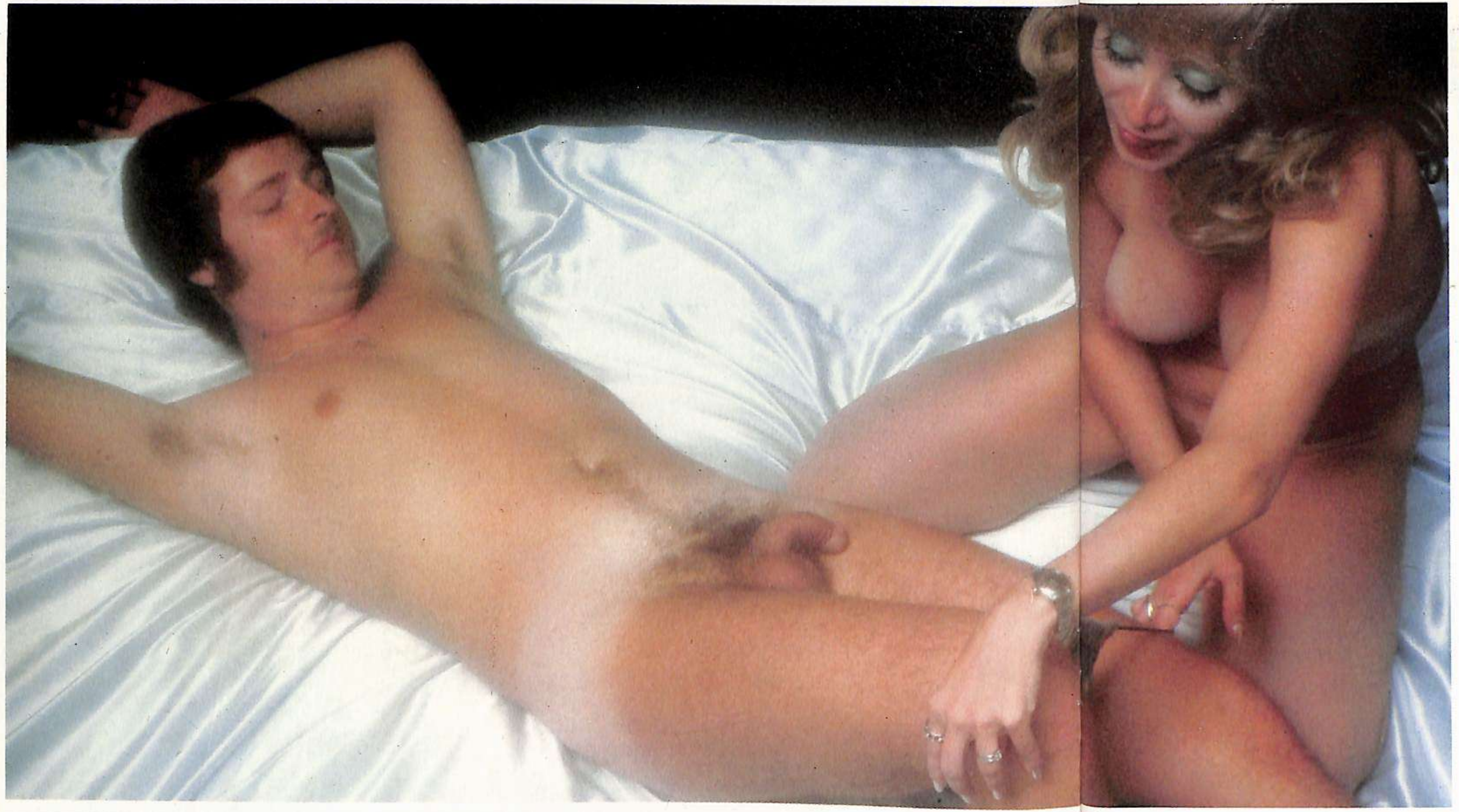


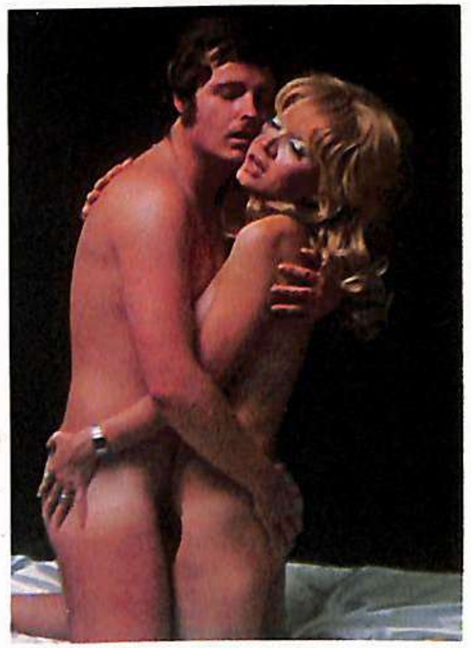


PHIL: Sure. We had a real big fight the other day at the Roxy. We were ready to just pack it in and say all right, this is enough, we're driving each other nuts. Then twenty-five minutes later we were up on stage screwing again. And we were mad as hell at each other.
MILNER: And afterwards?
PHIL: We just picked up our clothes, said thank you to the audience, and came down. That was it.
MILNER: The fucking didn't help you to make up?
TERRI: Ha!
PHIL: No, because usually there's no climax, you know. I only cum if they pay me extra.
MILNER: Then how many times can you. . . ?
PHIL: I have done it four times a day over a period of three weeks. And at these two Times Square theaters where they pay me to cum, I climaxed a grand total of a hundred and fourteen times in a row, and never missed a show. We're the highest-paid team in



"I came a hundred and fourteen times in a row!"





New York, and that's why.

MILNER: How much do you make?

PHIL: Between $850 and $900 a week and we're booked for the next six months straight.

MILNER: What are you going to do with all that money?

TERRI: We want to buy a house in Florida.

MILNER: You're doing this to buy a house in Florida?

PHIL: Sure.

TERRI: I got my own house in Puerto Rico, but I want to have a house with my husband. So we're working together for it. When you've worked for something together, with someone you really love, it is more important to you. It is much better. You can say, "We *worked* for it."

PHIL: We worked for it, all right. *Fucking* worked for it!

MILNER: You like your work?

PHIL: It's a job. I enjoy sex at home more. It's kind of hard sometimes getting an erection with five hundred lunatics screaming and yelling things at you. My

(Continued on page 70)

"A screaming audience? It *helps* me get it up!"

Kim Pope

Jody Maxwell

Renee Rousseau

Honeysuckle Divine

ANNOUNCING CHERI'S WRITE-YOUR-OWN-MOVIE CONTEST!!!

How many times have you sat there in the dark, scummy theatre watching some bozo sock it to Tina Russell, and thought, Geeze! I'm twice the stud he is—and I've got a better set of __________ (fill in the blank). Well, buddy, Hollywood is calling—at last!

You got it. You write the script (with a little help from your friends—namely, us). You direct the action. And—here it comes—you also get to star!!!

And you get a star—a leading lady from our own CHERI Orchard. The sex-crazed, comely columnist of your choice (the ones that aren't in the slammer at the time)!!! Anyone from sweet-faced, submissive Suzanne Murray to delicious dominatrix Mistress Roseanne, who'll be only too happy to punish you for every sin you've committed since kindergarten.

Listen, we're not kidding. It'll be your own 8 mm home movie, a lifetime record of your wildest fantasy set down in throbbing technicolor. You'll have your neighbors writhing in envy. You'll have the guys down at the Lodge Hall giving you the proper respect—at last. And women will look at you with the shameless, liberated lust that an accomplished stud always get when he walks into a room.

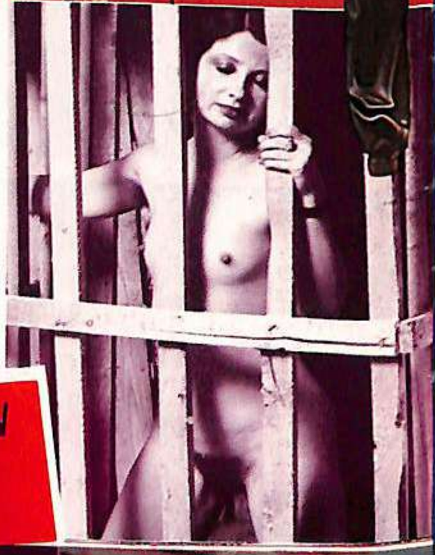
Now all *you* have to do is send in a wild story idea—a plot line, as we say in show biz—featuring you and the sweetmeat of your choice. Each of our girls will pick the script that arouses her to the bouncing point the fastest, and get in touch with you as fast as her probation officer will permit. (Or, in some instances, keeper.)

What the hell are you waiting for? A typing service? Scribble it out on a few pieces of note paper, scratch it in the sand, send it by carrier pigeon—we don't care. Just get your idea in to us and we'll get our girls into you. Fuck fame, fun and fortune could be just around the corner!!!

Send to: ORCHARD MOVIE CONTEST, CHERI magazine, 208 E. 43 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Maureen Murphy

Mistress Roseanne



Terry Kolb

NOW YOU CAN STAR IN YOUR OWN CHERI ORCHARD STAG FLICK!

Audrey Andrews

Elizabeth Dean

KANSAS CITY STARK

photo by RICHARD PATTERSON

Everything you always wanted to know about the conventions but were too bored to ask. Yes folks, believe it or not some exciting things did happen at this year's conventions and CHERI's own media mama, Jody Maxwell, brings them to our attention. This month Ms. Maxwell uncovers the biggies at the Republican convention including exclusive connections with the illustrious C.O.Y.O.T.E. leader Margo St. James (above) and the always endearing Elizabeth Ray. Until ABC offers her a million our always roving reporter can be reached here c/o CHERI. Write!

"Here at the Republican convention passion and putting out were definitely on the platform!"

by JODY MAXWELL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

"Ford's Elephants Eat Peanuts For Breakfast," bragged the big poster held up by delegates on the floor. Ford's elephants did everything else at the Republican Convention in mid-August in my horny home town, K.C. As a local girl reporter I got to watch the mammals, and the Republicans for which they stand, cavort shamelessly in the name of nomination. I'll tell you right off it was a hell of a lot more exciting than the Democratic Convention, where passion was *definitely* not on the platform.

The joint was full of symbols. Many didn't quite make it to their full media potential, you might say. The first was a giant plastic number named Biggi. Biggie was a gift from our city's illustrious—Democratic—mayor, Charles Wheeler. Supposedly the world's largest floating mammal, he was five storeys high, fifty-five feet long and weighed three-fourths of a ton. The plan was for him to be filled with helium so he'd glide over the heart of the convention. But Biggie couldn't fly. He couldn't even get it up. Maybe if Mayor Wheeler'd been a Republican he would've realized that elephants were never meant to fly.

Then that slippery symbol of Democratic decadence, Elizabeth Ray, showed up. Curiously enough, she never got off the ground, either. She'd been hired as a 'journalist' (*I can write and type*!) by a men's magazine about a tenth as classy as CHERI. The publisher came with her. An armed guard stood nearby. A local media relations consultant was put on retainer. The fair creature didn't even have to suffer taxicab traumas, as she had a limo at her disposal round the clock. . . .

But she was "miserable." The hotel room was the worst. It must be changed immediately to a single suite. It had *two* double beds, and she did *not* want to entertain! This, after her publisher had initially rented her an apartment, which she considered a danger to her personal safety.

Then she failed security clearance and couldn't get convention credentials! The security was very tight for press people—or anyone trying to get past the committee at the door. When she and her bodyguard were finally able to scam up something convincing to get them on the floor at Kemper Arena, she was mobbed the moment she entered. *Now* she wanted to escape! Art Asel, city councilman and a good friend of mine, didn't recognize her, but knew a 'damsel in distress' once he saw one. He let her into one of the private suites. The poor guy then found himself screamed at by the 'honored guests'—'Get that ________ out of here." So much for chivalry!

At that point, the Secret Service 'removed' the lady from the arena. I was on the convention floor, interviewing delegates. But other friends of mine collided with her in the parking lot, where she practically knocked one of them down.

Her whole scene in KC was one of swift exits. She was booted out of a party for Ford, as I was shaking hands with Rockefeller and his wife, Happy. Then she was given the heave from a Young Republicans function. Would you say that the Republicans were not overjoyed to have her around? She had to leave my fair city without a single interview.

Remember—Liz Ray had been a *Democratic* sex scandal. The Republicans had no such stigma hanging over their party plans—and party we did. With candidates and delegates trying to sway support in different directions, there were tempting caucuses, get-togethers, dinners and open meetings all over the place. Not to mention the flaky collection of fringe groups that were demonstrating hotly (how else, in the middle of August?) outside.

When I'd split KC for New York to cover the Democrats, the Yippie leaders in town were battling with the city parks department about camping there and setting up portable toilets. When I came back in a few weeks they were still on the subject of shit. Now they were threatening to dig 20-foot-long trenches. They were tormenting local hotels by using their facilities and demanding a drink of water to boot. Finally the parks department relented and gave them all the permits they wanted. What did they do then? They changed parks.

I decided they clearly hadn't gotten beyond their anal phase in psychological development—I called them the Toilet Trainees. When they found out who I was they offered me food, beer, dope and sex if I'd visit the camp grounds and interview them. Sure. The only vaguely amusing thing they did was to nominate a fat, healthy, squealing pig named "Nobody" for President.

There were groups for abortion and groups against it. Pro Equal Rights Amendment and contra, Jesus freaks, animal lovers, gay libbers and our chums in hookers' rights. I would say that it was not the smartest move the Gay Libbers ever made when they marched through downtown holding hands and chanting, "Sodomites—unite!"

The prostitutes, as an organization, were not as active in Kansas City as they were in New York during the Democratic Convention. In fact, I had to search to find the prostitutes. Everybody I checked with early in the convention had tales to tell about all the *free* pussy offered to them.

Finally, I found out that Margo St. James, national head of C.O.Y.O.T.E., was on the scene in Kansas City for the convention. For the first couple of days I had trouble finding her. Then while having cocktails with some southern delegates and a Kansas City advertising man at the Haberdashery Cocktail Lounge in the Radisson-Muehlebach Hotel, who did I run into—some of my closest friends with some other Kansas City lawyers I know. And who were they entertaining? Margo St. James! After greeting Margo, she and I discussed the *(Continued on page 76)*

THE BEEHIVE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

"I used to pop out golf balls or walnuts but ping pong balls are smoother and easier to autograph."

The outrageous and delicious Honeysuckle squirts her way into your heart with another gaudy, bawdy description of what it's like to be down and spout in Washington, DC. CHERI readers can write her c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Performing at the Palace Theater July 26 to August 8 in Pittsburgh was a very pleasant experience for me. I was overjoyed by the huge standing-room-only crowds and the wonderful reception I received. Many people had seen my movie, *S.O.S.*—The FBI grabbed the movie from the Playhouse Theater on 15th Street in Washington, D.C., and I joke that they took it because what I have between my legs is top-secret classified information—the audience had read my diary and everyone seemed to think I was even better live on stage than in the movie. I did my complete act, of course, coming on stage with my theme song *Philadelphia Freedom*, playing and wheeling my shopping cart full of surprises. The first thing I did was "clean" up my act" by sticking a mop handle up my puss and mopping up the stage with it. I swung my leg around on it and gave it a good reverse-action from the rear and said, "Oh! I think I'm going to come!" Then I pulled the mop handle out of my puss and made alot of loud pussy farts. The audience always got a laugh out of that.

I can make my puss sound just like a duck at times. It goes "quack, quack," and I'll say, "I fucked a duck, and the duck's still in there." I lit a candle with a match, then extinguished the flame with my puss. Then I blew out the flame from three candles all at once. After that I put three candles in my puss, lit them, and stood on my shoulders with my legs forming a V in the air and said, "Happy Birthday, America, Happy Bicentennial Birthday!"

Then I turned a half-somersault, had a countdown 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1, Blastoff! The candles shot out of my puss like a rocket. I call that "pussy propulsion." After the candles, I smoked a cigarette in my puss and blew smoke rings in time with Glenn Miller swing music. Smoking cigarettes in the puss is an old-time trick dating from the smokers' stag parties before I was even born. But old and corny as it is, it's a cute trick, so I do it out of popular demand even though I like to be more original. There is a fear of cancer, of course, so I "douche" out with Jergen's lotion right after the cigarette, which cleans out all the smoke. I shot the Jergen's about twenty feet into the air with my puss, splattering it in all directions. The guys within shooting range ran and scattered in all directions. Some of them crawled under the stage, some hid behind a curtain on the side of the wall, and some grabbed the tablecloth I had on the stage floor and put it over their heads. I joked that they were in the "combat zone." I cleaned the remaining lotion out of my pussy with a wad of kleenex and then shot the kleenex out. It usually landed on the lap, shoulder, or top of the head of some very surprised person. Sometimes I shot the wad of kleenex out when my back was turned toward the guy. The kleenex usually landed by his foot and I joked about his getting a free shoe shine. After most of the lotion was out of my puss, I powdered my bottom in preparation for shooting ping pong balls out of it, blowing big puffs of powder as I shoved the balls in and joking about Indian smoke signals, "Heap big pow wow,"—or that it was an Atomic pussy, as mushroom-shaped clouds floated over the stage.

I find if the puss is too juicy the ping pong balls have a tendency to slide around and don't want to shoot out. The powder gives the pussy a better grip on the ball. I usually pop out two dozen balls each show. I used to pop out golf balls or walnuts but ping pong balls are smoother and easier to autograph. I write, "Honeysuckle loves your balls" on them, and wrap them up in a baggie to keep the autograph dry, so whoever catches them or finds them can keep them from souvenirs. I can shoot them about fifteen to twenty feet, but I threw some to the people further back who were normally out of my range. In the fourteen days I performed in Pittsburgh I gave away more than 1,400 ping pong balls.

Gibby, the owner of the Palace Theater, bought all my supplies for me. We got all the balls from Wagner's Sport Shop on Forbes Avenue, and got the rest from Chatham Sports Center on Fifth Avenue.

The talented actress and queen of burlesque, Jacqueline Brody, was with us at Chatham's, and joked that I was an Olympic ping pong player and was using those balls to practice with. They said the world's champion ping pong player, Danny Seemiller, was from Pittsburgh. I'd sure *love* to meet him sometime.

After the ping pong "shoot-out," I played a "cunt-cert" with a horn by blowing into it with *Daddy's little Cunty-Cunt*. I usually play *Yankee Doodle* in honor of the Bicentennial, then bend over and put the horn in from the rear and play *Jingle Bells* in honor of the mighty Greek infantry who attacked the British from the rear. It looks as if I'm playing it with my asshole, but I promise you it's in the puss. Sometimes they request me to play *God Bless America*, and they sing along. It's really beautiful to hear them solemnly singing *God Bless America* as my puss pumps away on the horn.

The climax of my act was the peanut-butter sandwiches. I spread peanut butter on the outside of my puss and put the pickle inside, as usual, but I had to make sure I used Heinz pickles while in Pittsburgh. I joked and said I use Heinz pickles because they have more warts on them. The guy at Kroger's grocery store laughed and said if people use any other brand in Pittsburgh, they don't let anyone else know. There is a huge Heinz pickle factory there, which is the original home of the Heinz empire. Gibby was going to take me on a tour of the factory but we discovered they don't *(Continued on page 75)*

I, KIM POPE

photo by GRAPHIC HOUSE

Consummate actress and all around luscious creature, Kim Pope once again boldly goes where few women have gone before. This month CHERI's under the covers secret agent "babysat" for a couple of parents who'd set Dr. Spock back 20 years! As always Kim is wide open for any new suggestions and eagerly awaits letters addressed to her c/o CHERI. Remember, all missions are probable.

"She gave him an enema—put him into diapers and rubber pants."

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

Lewis and Amy—the average couple next door. Well . . . not quite.

Looking at them it was hard to believe. I had come to visit this couple on a tip from a friend; he was sure they were into some highly unusual sexual games and that others might be interested in learning about them. I understood they were swingers. In that respect they seemed typical of many other swingers I've met. He was wearing a perma-press leisure suit that did nothing to hide his little paunch. Perhaps athletic in his youth, his muscles had quietly turned to soft flab; his pate was shiny and sparsely feathered and when he shook my hand it was like squeezing an underdone dinner roll. But he seemed kind and had a rather engaging laugh. With a sexy young swing partner he would be your average guest. But since his wife seemed a bit overripe they were probably playing host to most of their sex parties—too far gone to be invited out. In exchange for providing booze and pretzels they would be allowed to get their kicks. It's considered poor form to refuse the sexual advances of your host and hostess . . .

Her hand was on my knee again. It seemed to light there whenever the conversation hit a dull spot. I broke the heavy silence by asking for some more ice; the man obediently bobbed up and fetched my glass to the kitchen for repairs. There was little doubt who the aggressive one was. In the few moments it took him to get my drink she had touched my leg and both breasts. Her perfume was a little rich and her dress a little low, but she was attractive in a motherly sort of way. The man who fantasizes burying his head between two fleshy mammaries of immense proportions and smothering himself to death would find this woman irresistible. But I suffer from no such fantasy and the prospect of loving her up was frightening. But then I didn't really come here to swing.

The host returned with my drink. I glanced around the room and I mumbled an appropriate compliment on the decor—Spanish Modern—expensive but tacky; they offered to show me the rest of the house. I accepted. She caught me as we climbed the stairs—actually put her arms around me and kissed me. Now I'm no prude and I'm certainly not naive but I do blush easily, and I just hadn't figured on her being so open about it. I tried to pass it off lightly. We continued our tour. The second bedroom at the end of the hall was my goal: the door swung open and I smiled. It was just as I had been told. A crib and a playpen and a rocking horse were all ready for junior; toys were all around the room waiting quietly for their master's return. A pile of diapers with little blue pins were ready, too. The room looked very lived in. The host mumbled something about their grandson staying with them sometimes, and he looked very uncomfortable. As a matter of fact, back in the hall I noticed he was quite red in the face and sweating profusely. I knew now my tip had been correct. His grandson didn't live in that nursery. He did.

But how to get them to share their secret with me. . . .

It was getting late and they were getting a bit tipsy, so I said something about it being the wrong time of the month and fled home. We made a date to meet the following week. Perhaps then. . . .

On my next visit we chatted like old friends. They poured Scotch with a heavy hand and we were all feeling no pain. I kept trying to steer the conversation around to sexual games and kinky habits, but they just weren't picking up the cues. Meanwhile the hostess was getting more and more amorous and I was afraid I'd *never* get my story. Finally I came right out with it. I said I'd noticed the playroom and had read about such things and the idea turned me on and did they?—the silence was strained. He got up suddenly and went to the kitchen. She followed and they seemed to be talking it over. I was afraid I'd ruined it.

Well after a lot of talk about how much the idea turned me on and some nervous discussion and a bit of my hand touching her leg, she agreed to share their secret with me. She told her husband to go and change. He looked like he was ready to cry, but he went. During his absence she and I engaged in some petting which promised to get totally out of hand if he didn't hurry back. I was getting worried . . .

Leaping Lizards! I almost fell off the couch. Framed in the doorway was Little Lewis, all decked out in his Sunday best. His skinny little legs protruded from schoolboy knickers and his white short-sleved shirt sported a perfect bow tie. I looked again at his legs, kneesocks and patent leather shoes. He seemed mortified, and I suddenly felt guilty and cruel about intruding on them.

But she seemed pleased and took the lead with a practiced air. "Lewis, where is your report card?" He shuffled into the room. "Lewis, don't tell me you've *lost* it?" He stammered and finally admitted that he had. She glowered at him and he seemed to shrink under her gaze. Suddenly she turned to me and said, "Well, my dear, what do you think of bad little boys who lose their report cards, Hmmm? Don't you think they should be punished?" I agreed. She sent him to fetch a switch—he disappeared into the closet and brought out a slender cane, bent over a chair, and pulled down his shorts. After several good strokes with the cane he cried a bit and rubbing his sore bum, pulled up his drawers. It was then I noticed he had an erection.

She sent him to stand in the corner, and while he stood with his face to the wall she and I resumed our necking. Then she caught him watching us and playing with himself, and she turned to him in a rage.

Here the plot got *(Continued on page 75)*

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by ELIZABETH DEAN

"I found myself daydreaming, staring lasciviously at women on the bus, in the market, even thumbing through girlie magazines."

I want to dedicate this column to all my women readers who at one time or another have fantasized about getting it on with another woman. Speaking for myself, I've had these fantasies since the days of "I'll show you what's under my dress, if you'll show me what's under yours." Those first feeble gropes—in the attic, under the house, flashlights under the bedcovers, experimenting with consenting playmates, all to be obscured by the oncoming of puberty and the discovery of *boys*, or as they are known in more mature circles, *men*. Some of you might agree that the beginning of the end started there, but that's another story. Back to the realization of what Webster refers to as a capricious notion.

Thoughts of other women dropped out of my conscious mind from my early teens up until about two years ago. At that time my unconscious started making itself conscious. I began to have the most fantastic and detailed dreams about myself and other women. I became so preoccupied with the subject that I would have these dreams several times a week, each more bizarre than the last. All I could think about was finding a suitable companion to introduce me to the arts. I would find myself daydreaming, staring at women on the bus, in the market, thumbing through the girlie mags. I was becoming a fanatic. Still, for all my willingness and receptivity I have never once been approached by a gay female. I made a couple of false starts with longtime friends, but they were as inexperienced as I was and it was like settling for hamburgers when you wanted steak. Regardless of the recent liberation—out of the closets and into the streets—and regardless of living in the heart of the gay community I couldn't seem to meet one gay female. Men yes, but the straight ones weren't doing me any good, so the gay ones certainly weren't going to help. First off, I have to admit I am exclusive, fastidious, and downright picky. I wasn't looking for a simple sexual encounter. I wanted a meaningful experience with a soulful woman; romantic setting, gourmet meal, waterbed, the works. Alas, all fantasies are put to the test and in the end I had to give up my ideas of grandeur. If they wouldn't come to me I would go to them—everyone's first and last choice—the bars.

There are all types of gay bars in my neighborhood and it was inevitable that I in my sweet innocence would pick the one most opposite my desires. I won't mention any names as the place scares me to this day; suffice it to say it is *not* the slope for beginners. I picked it because it was close to my home and had the look of a neighborhood bar. I had always been curious about it, so one Thursday night, trying to appear tuned in, I grasped the door handle and heaved to. I know now what Pandora must have felt when she released the ills of the world from the locked box. The place was dark and smoky and the jukebox was playing some crazy country and western tune like "You Ain't Woman Enough To Take My Man." I know I paused for a good thirty seconds in the doorway, because right in front of me, blocking my way to the bar, was a long bar-like table—and the women seated around it would have made Hitler's Gestapo look like the PTA. I wouldn't want to meet these babes in broad daylight, much less in a dark bar. They all turned around and gave me the burning-eye treatment and I could see right away I was way out of my depth. What the hell, this is America, land of the brave, where the pursuit of happiness is a constitutional right. I puffed my chest out, walked over to the bar and lest anyone be suspicious about my brass—ordered myself a shot of tequila.

After looking the place over from end to end I divided the crowd into two categories: the butches and the fems (brilliant conclusion). Any gay person or straight psychiatrist will tell you this is natural, normal, and common in the gay world (taking into consideration whether or not you consider homosexuality natural, normal, or common). Most gays assume exaggerated male or female roles. I have seen this often enough in the male gay community, but somehow I had expected a little more panache from my fellow females (there is a small in-between group of ladies that I refer to as the normal gays, but I didn't meet them until later). All the butches were sitting around smoking endless packs of cigarettes, drinking Scotch on the Rocks, checking out the fems who were at the other end of the room smoking endless packs of cigarettes and drinking Mogan David Concord Grape wine. *Everybody* was checking *me* out. I began to wonder if gays emanated some special odor that made them immediately identifiable to other gays. A secret handshake, a certain way of buttoning your clothes, your shoelaces in double knots . . . whatever it was, I didn't have it. But I'm a stubborn person and I wasn't going to be run off by a bunch of female truck drivers and powderpuff baseball players.

I was on my third tequila when I noticed the hand creeping up my thigh. Someone had decided to enlighten the little "cherry." I looked into the face of a woman a foot taller, fifty pounds heavier, with a flattop. The plot thickens, the cameras pan in for close-up shots of the heavies, the romantic scene is about to go down, when somebody yells—*cut*. The somebody turned out to be a woman called Lucinda, though at the time I called her my savior. A short private conversation took place between the two ladies, and whether my seducer dumped me or respectfully retreated I do not know, but whichever, it was all to my great relief. I found myself in the hands of a *(Continued on page 74)*

Elizabeth Dean, our CHERI representative from the great Southwest, reveals to her readers the lowdown on her first romantic tangle with someone of the same sex. They say Texans do everything in a big way and certainly Elizabeth's lesbian liaison was no minor romp. Consenting playmates can contact Liz at CHERI.

photo by JOHN McCRAW

Take My Wife, Please!

Hi! Remember that party we were invited to out on Long Island? Well, we went. Fantastic! But what impressed us the most was the layout and the location. I know many of you would like to hear how often Scott and I got what we went for. Right off I'll tell you we have no complaints—and the rest I'll leave to your imagination. But this month's column is dedicated to telling *you*, fellow serious swinger, just where to go to get in on the action. Which is a lot more to the point than just reading about us.

Okay, the Jamesport Motel. A bit ordinary, I thought, just a bunch of reddish buildings. But perfect for my favorite fantasy—I've got a lot of nostalgia for the old days, when we had to go to cheap motels for any privacy at all. I just couldn't see this as a party place. And boy, was I wrong! You step through the cabin doors into a paradise for dedicated fuckers.

In between swing sessions, I got the manager, Ralph Mallamace, to give me his ideas on swinging and swingers' motels. He has plans to scatter them far and wide, now that he's been so successful here. Of course, the first thing I asked him was where he ever got such a crazy idea—and his plans to become America's first fucking franchiser.

Suzanne: How did you actually start this motel, and where did you get the idea?

Ralph: The motel was my mother's. But she was sick, so I wound up running it. When we bought the place, it was a total disaster. A dump—holes in the walls and ceilings, so I started fixing up the rooms one by one. In the beginning, there was no business at all. My girlfriend asked me, as a favor, to put a mirror on the ceiling—she said she'd really be turned on. So I did that to a couple of rooms. I put in some waterbeds, started fixing up the rooms a bit. Then I wanted to put an advertisement in the Long Island newspapers, but they wouldn't take my ads. Said they were too suggestive. All I wanted to put in the ads was that I provided waterbeds and mirrors. They advertise hard-core movies and topless joints, but not a motel that has waterbeds! So I wrote to *Screw* Magazine and they carried the ad, and people started to show up.

Suzanne: I'll bet they did! But how did it become a *swinger's* motel?

Ralph: A swinger's club called and wanted to know if they could use the place for parties. But the people who came all had complaints about the usual club policies. They just threw large numbers of couples together, with no thought for their individual preferences.

Suzanne: I know what you mean. I wouldn't want to swing with just anyone. In fact, I get really turned off by . . . come to think of it, I can't seem to think what turns me off at the moment.

Ralph: You see, I really believe that swinging is the greatest thing going. It's a short life and swinging doesn't hurt anyone. If you don't enjoy it, then you don't have to get into it. But swinging clubs were making it hard for people to enjoy themselves. A lot of older couples were having difficulties because the women felt they were competing against young girls. And some of the young girls were not enjoying the attentions of the older men. Not all of them, but some. Some of them only want older partners, and then there are the couples who want a single to join them. Or a bi couple. So I thought I'd organize things properly . . . let them fill in application forms stating their preferences. And then invite them to parties where they could meet the right people. I offer the personal touch. They know they can talk to me, and get satisfaction.

Suzanne: Tell me about the rooms. How did you design them?

Ralph: I didn't. People would suggest the designs to me. They always tell me what they want and I try to give it to them. This is nothing! I'm planning a whole complex in Pennsylvania. There's going to be a bungalow with a car inside for those who get off fucking in cars . . . much safer than worrying about the police checking you when you're parked somewhere. And one with a haystack. I warned the chick who suggested that about the perils of hay. But it seems there are a lot of people who don't mind being scratched! I'm even going to put in an S&M room. Nothing too rough . . . just chains and bonds and whips. And a room with videotape facilities so that other couples can watch and improve their techniques. There's a swimming pool. Tennis courts. All the normal facilities of a good motel. But with a difference—the guests will all be swingers.

At the moment we provide parties, including live entertainment. An X-rated film. And beds, mirrors, toys. I've hosted nine parties for swinger's clubs and seven of my own. And they keep asking for more. When the premises open up in the Poconos I'll be able to give them more.

Suzanne: Parties are great for people who enjoy sitting around with a drink in one hand and a prick in the other, but what about the non-drinkers?

Ralph: Well, that's where the place in Pennsylvania will be a lot better. Those who don't like mixing at parties can meet other couples by the pool or on the tennis courts.

Suzanne: And when is it opening?

Ralph: I should be ready for guests by the end of November. Oh, and there are skiing slopes nearby.

Suzanne: This will add a whole new dimension to apres-ski! And after that?

Ralph: Well, I'm hoping to add a motel in New Jersey. We're looking at one now. And then Connecticut. And then in each of the fifty states.

I'm trying to bring swinging out into the open, so that it will be harder for clubs to get away with not giving a complete service. So that people won't *(Continued on page 42)*

photo by SCOTT MURRAY

Swappers Scott and Suzanne, bad, blonde and beautiful, penetrate the swinging scene of motel-room madness in an interview with the manager of the Jamesport Motel in New York. You can touch base with them here at CHERI, where they check in every now and then as they bounce around the countryside in the ecstasy of ongoing research.

"In one room there's a car for customers who get off on back-seat fantasies."

by SCOTT AND SUZANNE MURRAY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

"When I suggested we get shoe polish so I could shine and lick his boots, he freaked . . ."

Once again CHERI Magazine's submissive sweetheart, Terry Kolb, describes to her captive readers the trials and tribulations of her continual search for ecstasy through agony. Terry, a native New Yorker now acquiescently settled in Los Angeles, finds that making new friends can indeed be a painful experience. She welcomes all mail sent to her c/o CHERI.

photo by JAMES E. JACKSON

I met Joe at a swinger's B&D party and promptly forgot him. He had the kind of face that blends in with a crowd—there seemed to be nothing at all remarkable about him. When he called me later to ask me for a date, I put him off. I had met many men at the party and many were calling me for dates. I saw nothing unique or intresting enough in Joe to warrant taking the time to get to know him. But he was very persistent and persuasive on the phone. He did seem to be a pretty good conversationalist so I finally agreed to go out to dinner with him on the condition that we both agree before hand that nothing else would happen.

He arrived at my house promptly and took me to a restaurant which he claimed was the "best Italian restaurant in L.A." After dinner, we went to a double feature of Lina Wertmuller's *Love and Anarchy* and *Seduction of Mimi*. They were not as S/M-oriented as *Swept Away*, and Joe, who had not seen *Swept Away*, was puzzled as to why I had wanted to see these two with him. I hadn't known what these other two Wertmuller films were about, but I was still put out that Joe was so unappreciative of them and I decided I didn't want to have a scene with him.

Somehow, in spite of myself, I committed myself to going to a party with Joe all the way down by Orange County. It was a very long drive and when we got there, no one was home. The dingy girl who told us about the party was also absent. The day and the drive gave me a chance to get to know Joe better. I began to relax and really enjoy his company. He did seem very serious about the scene and was very derisive of people who just "played at it". So I agreed to go back with him to my apartment and try it with him.

As soon as we got to my apartment, the courteous manner of the perfect escort ceased and Joe became coldly commanding. He made me strip and tied me spreadeagle to my four-poster bed. He kept saying I was in trouble now and I was getting kind of scared. I soon learned what I had to be scared about. Joe began beating me with a riding crop I had purchased in Mexico. Then he turned me over and released one hand from bondage, ordering me to bring myself to orgasm. He said I wouldn't be released until I came and he taunted me until I had a really great climax. Then he said, "Don't think I'm finished with you just because you came!" He untied me and made me suck his cock. All the time I was doing it, he criticized my performance and threatened me with dire consequences if I didn't swallow every drop of his cum. I was really afraid of what would happen if I failed to satisfy him in every respect so I made sure I kept my lips tightly sealed around his shaft. Finally he came and I managed to avoid spilling anything, so he pronounced the scene satisfactory.

I really enjoyed that scene and was high for a while afterwards. Great was my surprise, however, when Joe began avoiding me. After all the attention he showered on me to bring me to the point of this first scene, he seemed to be completely turned off. I could not understand it until I went back to the same swinging party I had first met him at and was told by a mutual acquaintance that Joe dropped me because he considered me too heavy into the scene. What freaked him out was my suggestion that we get some shoe polish so I could polish his boots and then lick them all over in order to bring them to a really high shine. Joe had avoided getting the polish but had not indicated the fact that this was too much for him to handle. It is really surprising that one of the few guys who was able to dominate me would find me too extreme.

Quite different from Joe was Dan, whom I met at Eulenspiegel. Dan was as interesting on first glance as Joe had been uninteresting. A handsome face, a lean, well-formed body and long brown hair perfectly framing his face, he was a treat to the eyes. Another woman at Eulenspiegel had already had a scene with him which she had, apparently, enjoyed. So, when he invited me to a B&D party in Hollywood, I readily accepted. The night before the party, I was watching the first episode of *All In The Family* for the season. This was the episode dealing with Archie's first foray into the world of Hanky Panky. Wouldn't you know it! The phone rang. People have no sense of timing. It was a girl I didn't know who said Dan had given her my number to tell her the address of the Hollywood party. I didn't know the address and wondered why Dan had given her my number instead of simply giving her the address. I told her I didn't know the address and suggested she call Dan.

"Let's see,,' she faltered. "His number is a 714 area code." I wondered if she was trying to worm the number out of me.

"Very suspicious," I thought, "she says he gave her my number and now she wants me to give her *his* number." "I don't know what his number is," I lied. I felt that if he wanted her to have his number, he would have given it to her.

"Well, what am I to do?" she asked me.

"I don't know what you should do," I replied, somewhat testy by now. (Would I get to see *any* of my program?) "Why do you think *I* would know what *you* should do? I told you I don't have the address. I don't know why he gave you my number. You'll have to take that up with him."

"All right," she said abruptly, letting me know by her tone that she was offended. She hung up and I went back to Archie Bunker's problems with the unpleasant feeling that comes with an encounter gone sour.

When Dan picked me up the next night, he informed me over dinner that this girl, Sue, had complained to him about my "rudeness."

(Continued on page 42)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

Whisper Mistress Roseanne's name in the battered ear of any New York submissive and watch them tremble in weak-kneed anticipation. This month our divine dominatrix continues her series on the making and training of slaves with a searing Part III. To avoid punishment, write to her now c/o CHERI.

"A potato-masher sits in a pot of scalding water for the branding that is to take place."

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

What is pain? What is pleasure? Are they synonymous? Can you tell the difference between the two? Do you know what your slave's turn-on and turn-off points are?

A masochist's fantasies can be as individual as the slaves themselves. One fantasy starts as follows:

"Pain you want, and pain you shall get," she retorted as she placed the clamp clothespins onto the nipples of the slave who was trembling with fear and kneeling at her feet. In her hand was a paddle, the kind you play table-tennis with, and she shook it in his face threateningly as she pushed him across her lap. . .

Or, a lithe figure suspended in a prone position between two chairs, the soles of his feet exposed to the mercy of the woman he worships. Rubber bands are secured around his toes, and on a table next to his feet are the implements of his fantasy: wooden spoons for the bastinado; a potato masher which sits in a pot of scalding water for the branding that's coming—a branding that sears the mind more than it will ever the soles of his feet. It is the fear of what *might* be. He is allowed to see his torturer's playthings before a leather hood is placed over his head. Thus the fear begins. But he knows she will not take him beyond his physical or mental endurance . . . or will she?

And another: "Beat me, mistress, beat me!" he pleads, crawling on all fours behind her as she stalks around the apartment. "Beat me," he begs again, "that I may serve you better!" But the stately leather-clad female looks down upon him, contemptuously dangling the braided whip under his nose. Laughing in his face, she takes her time in what she is about to do, for she knows that what he's begging for under the guise of pain is *pleasure*.

It's up to the dominant to be sensitive enough in the application of pain—mental or physical—applying to both satisfy and control the masochist's needs. In my encounters with people in the scene, I have come across as many variations of pain as I have personalities. One gentleman in particular I know of will cry like a baby when spanked and will seem to the onlooker to be in pain. But is he? It's just as obvious that he is sexually stimulated.

Pain is an experience that most people try unsuccessfully to avoid. The masochist on the other hand actively pursues it, converting it into pleasure, and (he thinks) triumphs over it. For him this is an exhilarating victory. There are several factors which account for the masochist's pleasure-from-pain. First and foremost the essence of the masochist's scene—that from which he derives his greatest satisfaction, is a feeling of total surrender to his mistress. He wants to crawl into her womb, to be totally encompassed by her, to lose himself in her. He needs to be punished so he can be purged of his uncleanliness and thus become more acceptable to his goddess. Mental anguish or physical pain seem to be a necessary accompaniment to achieve the total abandonment of oneself to his mistress. It is a psychological imperative.

Most important, the masochist must be made to feel safe and secure even in the midst of apprehension about what's to come. Her reprimands and the imposition of physical discipline must be accompanied by a certain measure of affection both verbal and physical, which insures her slave that she loves and *does* care for him. For the masochist all scenes begin in fear and progress through pain and humiliation—the extent of these depending upon the individuals involved—and terminate in pleasure, whether it be an emotional release, a sexual climax or a combination of the two. Often a so-called "normal" sexual scene begins in joyful anticipation and frequently ends in guilt, depression and a total lack of sexual satisfaction.

How can one explain this paradox? I would be most interested, both for my own curiosity and in the interest of my readers, if you would convey to me your feelings on this topic. Here's how one of my readers feels about it:

"Dear Mistress Roseanne,

I may not be one of your normal readers, but I am writing to you as one who knows whereof she speaks in matters of subjugation. I appreciate your orthodoxy in the S/M field and agree that we should keep the faith, but in your—if you'll excuse me—dead-level pleasure/pain scoreboard and in your idolization of ecstasy, I detect a Romantic. Worse yet, a *religious* Romantic!

"How can your true-blue Masochists trust a Romantic Sadist? We have had enough of that with Maryolatry. Eight hundred years of it, in fact. We sisters have been down on our knees for all these centuries, beaten for anything from a slip of the tongue to lack of ardor. Don't tell us about subjugation, religious or otherwise—*please*. Have you ever had a crucifix cracked over *your* sin-hardened bottom? The Church is a tough act to follow.

"So our humble advice to you and all your other S/M readers is to drop the Romance and get on with it. If you're going to (God forbid) beat somebody, then just beat the shit out of them, and don't drape it with a lot of glamorous Principles. Some people are truly sinful and simply *deserve* to get it. If you want reasons for doing it, you've got guilt—and the Church can use you.

Yours in service,
Sister X"

Lashers up, darlings!

SWING SHIFT

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by AUDREY ANDREWS

"She thrust her pussy in my face and shot a stream of piss into my mouth!"

Swinger in residence Audrey Andrews once again spills the juice for her CHERI readers. This month Audrey's juices are really floiwing as she takes us on a tour of a sizzling swingers' party specializing in "golden" or "erotic" showers, a sophisticated swinger's euphemistic excuse for using a friend as a human toilet. Dried off and waiting for her next assignment, Audrey eagerly anticipates hearing from you c/o CHERI.

You can stop the cards and letters now, for, by popular request I will confess all I know about the origins and practices of the Golden Shower Swing Club, one of the most exciting developments to come along in swinging in recent years. For the uninitiated let me explain that "golden" or "erotic" showers are codes for urinating on and/or *in* another person of either sex!

For what it's worth one of my first jobs was at a prestigious advertising agency. As one of the first women hired in their marketing research department they weren't quite sure what to do with me. I was finally assigned a project involving a nationwide survey on what people take for unspecified aches and pains. Well the results were somewhat surprising to say the least! In the Northern and Eastern sections of the United States people preferred aspirin to relieve their minor aches and pains, while in the Southern and Western parts of the country laxatives beat out aspirin as the number one remedy. Boy were the agency heads ever uptight over those statistics! I was immediately switched to researching the average bust size of American womanhood. It may have been the end of the matter for the agency, but for me it was just the beginning. I was intrigued. Anything that is taboo, done in the dark, or behind locked doors arouses my uncontrollable curiosity.

Think about it. *Shit* and *piss* are two of the most basic and versatile words in modern usage today. Piss or shit can be used grammatically in many different ways. As a transitive verb, "Dick really shit on Jane;" as an intransitive, "Jane was really pissed at Dick;" as an adverb, "Jane practically pissed in her pants."—either word can be used as a noun, "That was some good shit we smoked last night," or an adjective, "What piss awful weather!" As you can see, with the possible exception of fuck, there are not many words with the versatility of shit or piss.

Anyway, I had heard wild rumors about the "Golden Shower Swing Club" parties, but that was it. My persistence paid off when I finally wangled an invitation to one of their orgies. Mr. X, a well-known personality, greeted us at the door stark naked. His house looked like a porn movie set with pretty people sprawled on the lush carpeting in various combinations of fucking and sucking. I wandered out to the pool where some real action was taking place. Curling up on one of the chaise lounges I watched Mr. X straddling a big-busted blonde starlet type who was enthusiastically sucking away on his stiff erection. A brunette version of the blonde was noisily licking and sucking his asshole. He pulled his cock abruptly out of the blonde's hungry mouth and instead of coming pissed *all* over her. She grabbed at his dick and swallowed the last of his piss! I was repelled and excited at the same time. My cunt-hole was dripping wet from just watching them. Then everyone dove into the pool for a quick rinse or just to rub tits and asses in the warm water.

After that scene I was hot and ready for action. In the pool I felt a cock thrust insistently between my thighs, teasing at my cunt and asshole, the sensations intensified by the warm water. We climbed out and lay down on one of the mats. Roughly he thrust his cock into me, pumping away harder and harder.

"Say you want me to piss in you. I want to hear you beg for it!" he said. I'd come this far, so why not, I thought. Although I wasn't quite sure about the whole thing I was very horny—so I begged. He thrust deep into my cunt. "Okay, baby, I'm going to leak in your pussy." I felt his warm liquid pee shooting up into my cunt. I *exploded* wanting him to piss all over me—my breasts, stomach, in my mouth, asshole, cunt—anywhere I could take him. He pulled his cock out of my hole and Mr. X's busty blonde went down on my dripping pussy. She sucked it dry of our love juices, both cum and piss. "Your pussy tastes so good," she murmured as we kissed.

After rinsing off in the pool I was ready for some more action—and I also had to go wee-wee. Feeling awkward about just walking over to someone and pissing on them (although it would have been perfectly acceptable under the circumstances), I wandered back into the house in search of a bathroom. Surprise! None of Mr. X's bathrooms had doors on them and they were packed with people. The ground floor bathroom was occupied by two guys giving an enema to a sweet young thing spread-eagled on the toilet. One held the enema bag as the other one kept the nozzle positioned deep inside her asshole. "Please, I can't hold anymore," she begged over and over. He removed the shit-covered nozzle from her hole and teased at her lips with it. "Smell it, I want you to lick it clean." When the girl failed to obey he picked her up and putting her across his knees gave her a hard spanking. He got her back on the toilet just in time for a stream of liquid to come shooting out of her tight pink asshole. Then lubricating his cock he ass-fucked her while she sucked the other guy's cock, still spread-eagled on the toilet. This could go on for hours, I thought, and my need was becoming more urgent. So I continued my search.

Perhaps one of the upstairs bathrooms would be less busy? Wrong. In the upstairs bathroom a guy was lying prone in the bathtub masturbating and two girls were crouching above him. By this time I had to go so badly I was ready to piss anywhere, so I joined them in the tub. I had just started to urinate when he pulled my pussy down on his face and stuck his tongue in my cunt. One of the girls thrust her pussy in my face and shot a stream of warm piss

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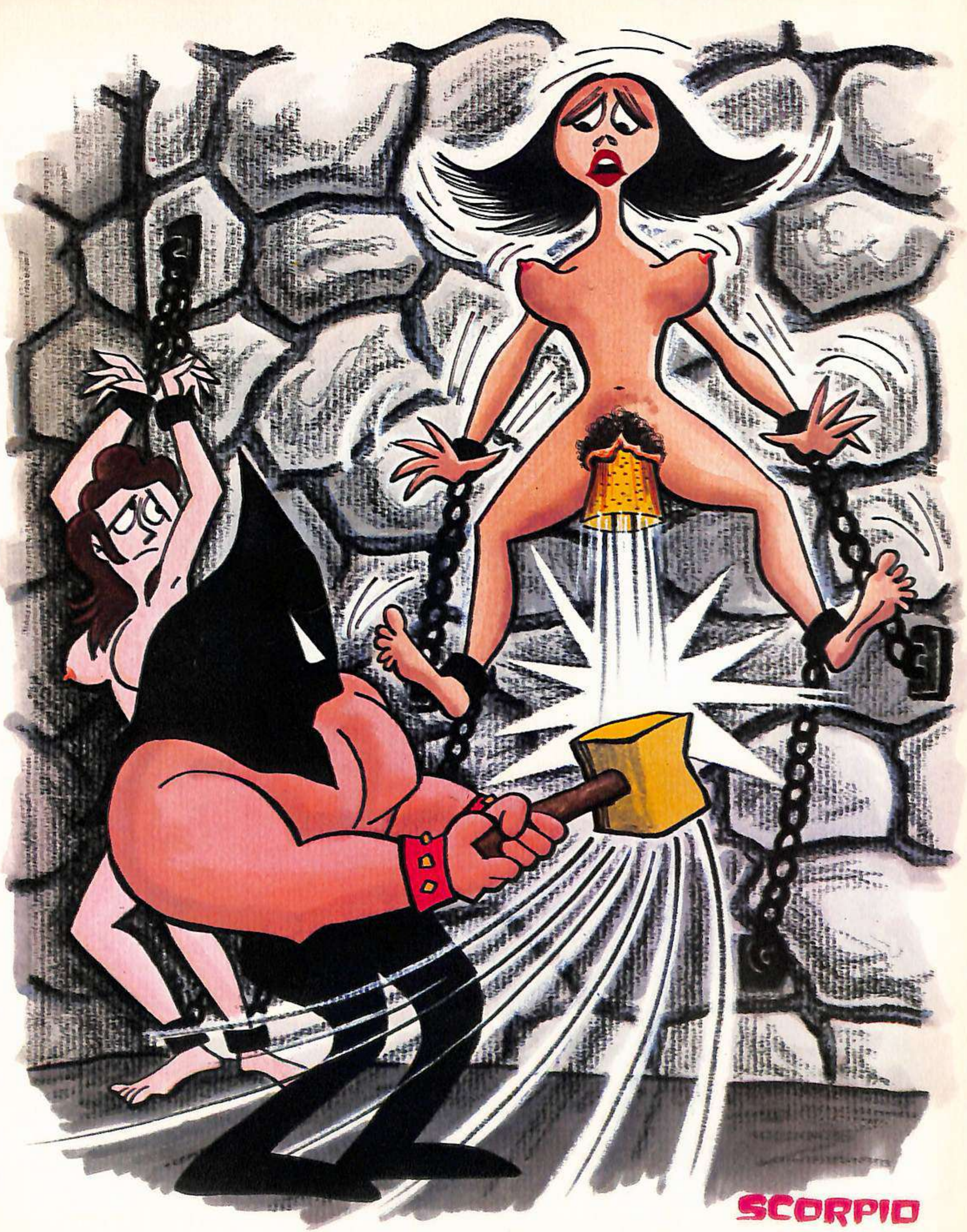
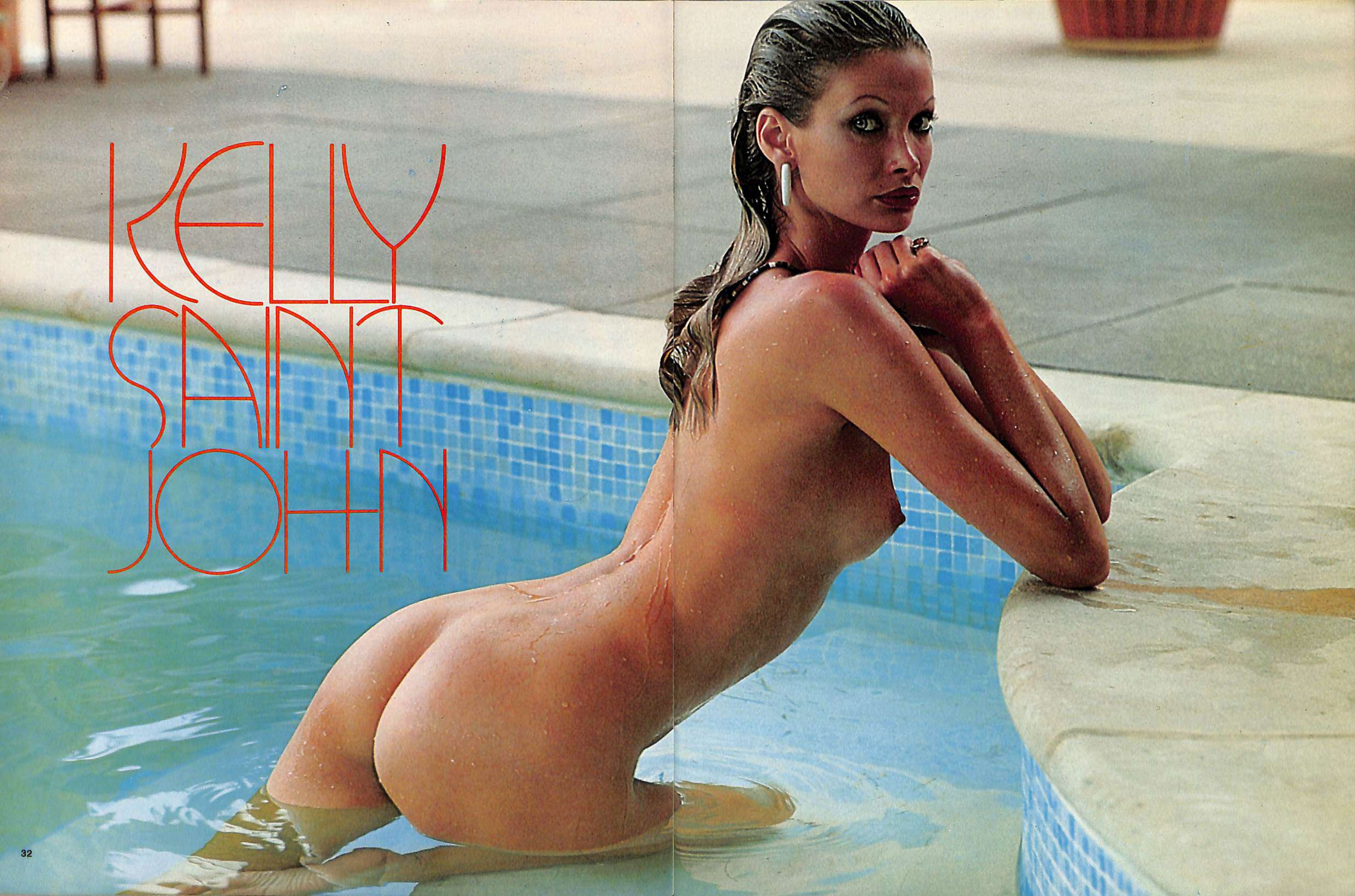


"Is it that time of month, already?"

KELLY SAINT JOHN



I don't know what everyone's making such a fuss about. She probably gives bad nose.
-Peter

Ever since this series of photographs arrived the CHERI office hasn't been the same. Peter's roaming the halls with suspicious spittle hanging from his lower lip and various female writers have inquired as to whether plastic surgery and booblifts are included in their Blue Cross coverage.

They say it's what's inside that counts.
Shit, if her insides are anything like her outsides
could I EVER get into her kidneys! -Derek

Standing firm on our promise to bring Integrity and Truth to our copy we did try and get some info on this delectable Swedish meatball. No luck. All we know is that her name, Kelly Saint-John, sounds about as Swedish as chastity. We

> This girl is so gorgeous I wish my father had married her mother.
>
> -Andrea

tried to call the Norwegian magazine service that sold us these salacious slides; all their dildo of a receptionist could tell us was "Ja, Ja!" and the only Swedish we know is Ingmar Bergman.

Oh! glorious creation of divine womanhood, technicolor Aphrodite, if only you knew what you're doing to our staff and various other degenerates who wander in and out of this overstimulated den of helpless lust . . . heed our pleas, come to New York. Awaiting you are four proposals of marriage, three people willing to devote their lives to worshipping—you—plus one crazed editor prepared to perform a series of unnatural acts atop the World Trade Center or any other New York landmark of your choice.

ADVENTURES IN PARADISE
BODY RUBS
FREE PEEKS
$10
GEORGEOUS GIRLS
HOFFMAN
Gorgeou GIRLS
FREE PEEK
NUDE MODELS

HOW TO CHOOSE A MASSEUSE

ANNIE SPRINKLE'S INSIDE GUIDE TO MASSAGE PARLORS

Article by ANNIE SPRINKLE
Illustration by Greg Hoffman

> "THE GIRL WHO FUCKS FOR MONEY, LOVES MONEY.
> THE GIRL WHO JUST FUCKS AND GETS PAID AFTERWARD, LOVES SEX."

"She was a sweet blonde with a beautiful smile and the most perfect ass I've ever seen. Very shy—*until* we got our clothes off. When we started she didn't even hassle me for the cash. And she gave me the wildest massage, with her whole body—I could've come in the first five minutes! But you know, she knew just how to slow me down. What an imagination! She tortured me with pleasure until one minute before our time was up. Finally she let me come in her mouth—not before *she* came, of course, and let me know it! Damn, was she horny . . ."

A fantasy, you say? You're tired of being ripped off and brought down by the average massage parlor doll who just wasn't into her work? With the pointers I can give you, next time you'll leave feeling like a million dollars—not like you've *lost* a million dollars.

I've worked in at least fifteen parlors, coast to coast. From the top New York places to trailers in Arizona to a storefront in Berkeley, California. I loved my work and made my customers more than satisfied. Whenever I would start at a new parlor, I could pretty much tell where every other girl was coming from in five minutes. And now, you can too. I've also done a lot of double sessions—that's being with two or three girls at once—so I could tell very quickly which girls got off on the work, and which hated it. From girl talk I picked up which ones are willing to give you all they've got—or nothing at all. And then, in private, my customers would complain about a particular girl—telling me how she wouldn't do anything he liked, how she got teeth marks all over his cock, and worse. Later cat chats between sessions revealed what turned the girls on and off about these men, too.

The first thing, naturally, is to choose a good parlor. Phone a few and find out how many girls you have

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THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 28)

He said that he gave her my number to get information on Eulenspiegel and she had misunderstood him, thinking I was an organizer of the party. He also informed me that Sue wanted him to give me a public spanking for my offense. I immediately demanded a speedy and public trial and appointment Dan as judge, which pleased him immensely. We proceeded to the party house. As we turned off the busy and bustling boulevards, we headed up a hill that was so steep it was almost vertical. The hill was dominated by an enormous house that looked oldfashioned and rural from the outside. The interior was thickly carpeted with imposing simplicity. It was more like a chateau than a country house. It had a view that overlooked the city and a jacuzzi bath in the center. She was sitting in a circle of friends when we arrived. As we were introduced we sized each other up, each trying to stare the other down. We smiled cattily at each other, knowing that a showdown was at hand.

"I understand there have been complaints made about me," I began. Her eyes confirmed the fact that, indeed, there had been complaints. "Well, I'm demanding the right to confront my accuser. I'd just like to hear why I was 'rude' to you on the phone."

"From the moment you answered the phone, I could tell you wanted to get off the phone," she said.

"I gave you every courtesy but I couldn't tell you what I didn't know," I answered hautily.

"Look at you now," she said.

"That's just what I meant."

I looked at Dan. He said, "I agree that your whole tone is much too arrogant for an M. I think you need some punishment to restore your humility." At this, hands seized my wrists and I was sprawled over the enormous pillow. Dan started with his hands and then graduated to a series of belts, each one more ferocious than the last. I was in tears by the time he was through. Then Dan completely blew my mind by lying over me and asking Sue to spank him.

Well, that's a switchable for you. You never know when they're going to change on you. The moral of the story is "first impressions should be taken with a grain of salt."

Take My Wife, Please!

(Continued from page 27)

have to be ashamed of wanting to swing. I know that it's necessary. People travel, on an average, five hundred miles to this motel. They wouldn't be doing that if they had the facilities nearby. I'm going to bring them their own motels, right near where they live.

Suzanne: I'm sure you'll get your imitators when other motels see your success.

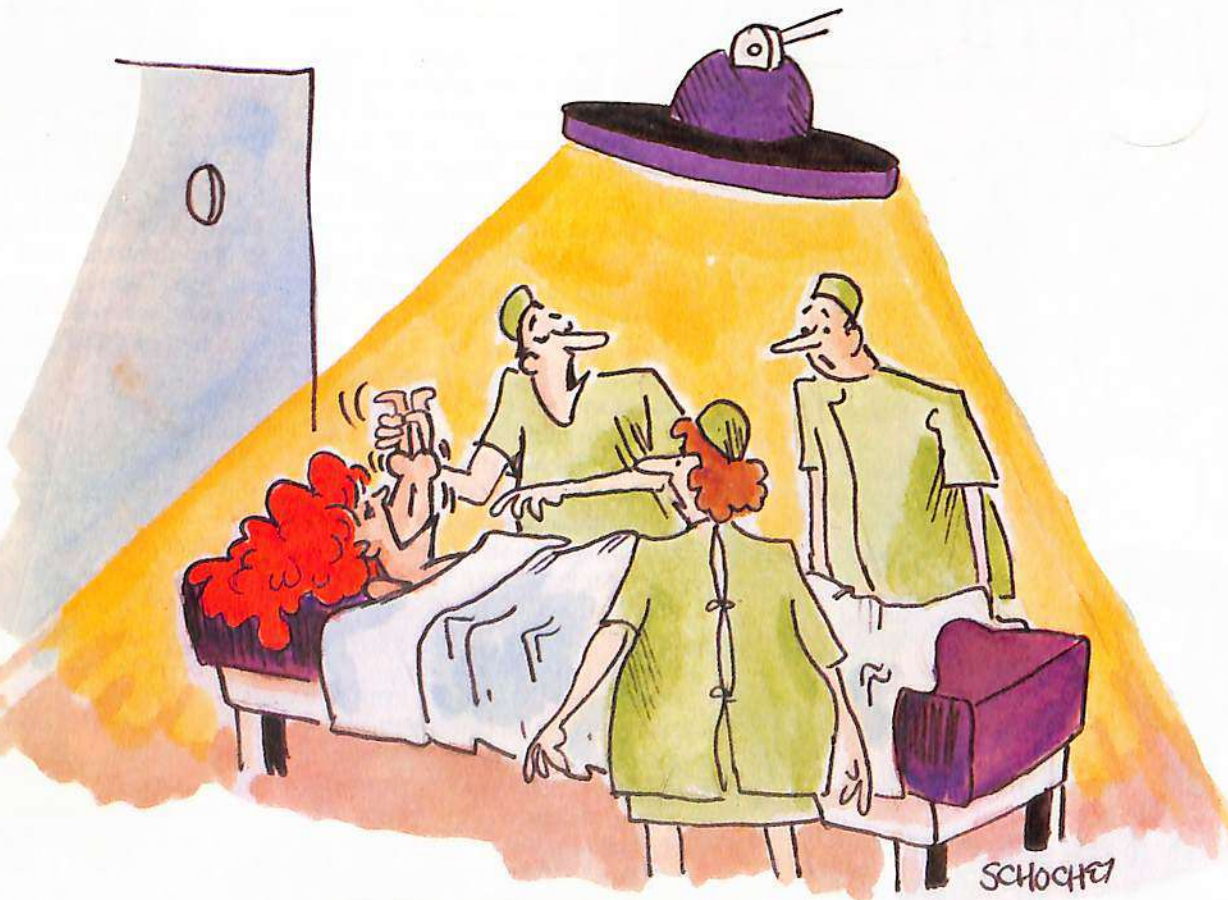
Ralph: Yes, but I don't mind. If they offer the right services, then I'll welcome the imitators. But, as you may have noticed, no two rooms in this motel are alike.

Suzanne: I hope you're implying that I've already *been* in each room. You're right, though. No two feel alike . . . they all have different atmospheres.

Ralph: Well, I'm trying hard to make each one different. Each the fulfillment of a different fantasy. Most of the people who will imitate me will try to prepackage swinging, the way they have everything else. A mirror on the ceiling. A water bed. No attention to detail. And everything as cheap as possible . . . plastic.

I got people coming back again and again. It is an open motel when there is nothing wrong with asking for the same room or wanting to try a different one. Wives rent the rooms as anniversary presents for their husbands, and nearly everyone wants to take photos here. They come once, and then they come back with their cameras. So how could a phony set-up compete? No, I'm not worried.

(Continued on page 60)



"Nothing surprises me these days."

MRS. CLAUS GOES THE PINK ROUTE

PHOTOS BY PETER HURD

'Twas the day before Christmas
And in Santa's house
The Old Man was having a fight
With his spouse.

They knocked-down and drug-out
With such clarion clatter
That even old Rudolph thought,
"What the fuck is the matter?"

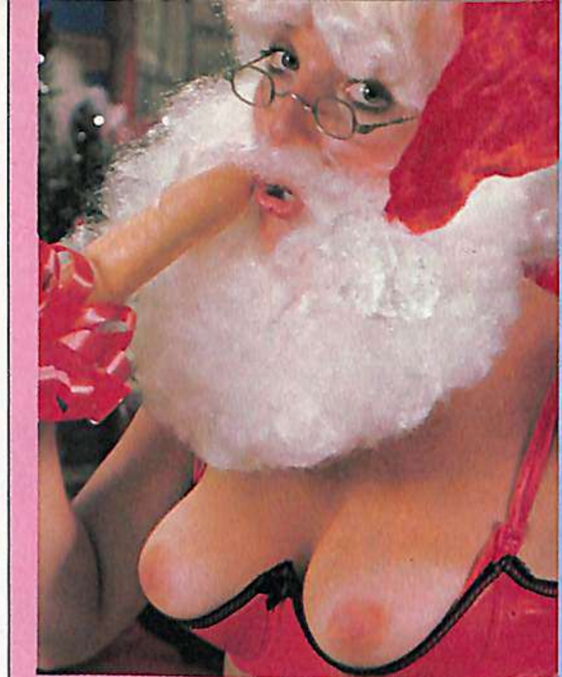
"This is the last time
I'm buying your shit,"
Screeched Mrs. St. Nick
In the midst of her fit.

"I've primped you and packed you,
Sewed your name in your stockings.
I've monitored your lift-offs
And ditto your dockings.

"I've watered your reindeers,
Made sure your suit fitcha.
Then off you went solo.
This time, I go witcha!"

"Now hold on a minute
And quit all yer bitchins.
My place is in chimneys
And yours is in kitchens!"

With a fire in her eyeballs,
Mrs. Claus grabbed a knife.
"If you take off without me,
You'll be cut off for life!"



"I've idly watched while you
Balled all your elves
After hours at the Factory
(They told me themselves.)

"You've partied at Macy's
And over at Gertz,
Whene'er Girl Scouts mount you,
You diddle their skirts.

"I know all about you
And that prurient Prancer
And how you've been out
In the hay popping Dancer.

"But what really gets me
Is your macholy Hisness.
When every Christmas
You take off—*on business*!

Sister Claus couldn't resist this silky vest (left) guaranteed to keep Santa's roving eye off the elves. It comes in either red or black tricot with corresponding white or black fur trim. One size fits all ($19.95). . . . Some would rather suck a sugarplum, but Mrs. C. opts for a Yuletide dildo (Santa's little helper?) at a reasonable $10.95 (above, left). . . . She feels like Mistress Claus in her five-inch spikes (above). They're handmade by Britons (who know about these things) and come in sizes 5-13. *13!* ($99.95 per pair). That glitter bra completes the satin G-string set on page 47. . . . A lovely fringed babydoll set brings out the Lolita in our heroine (right). Black, red, white and *hot* pink. One size fits all ($21.99). Everything, from shoes to dildo, is available from MICHAEL SALEM'S EXOTICA BOUTIQUE, P.O. Box 1781, Dept. CH-12, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

"While I'm decking the hall
And decorating the corridor,
You're off with your coursers
Heading Southward to Florida!"

"Well this year, I want
Some of that good action, too.
So I'm hopping on Blitzen
And cumming with you!"

So off on her own sleigh
Went Mrs. St. Nick,
Crying, "Hit it, old Donner.
Let's upstage that prick."

She tackled each fireplace
With a spirit so zealous
And delivery so quick,
She'd make UPS jealous.

She handled her deliveries
Like a Teamster gone mad
Till she finally alit
At our swank CHERI pad.

To wrap around your favorite thigh, Michael Salem has a one-size-fits-all garter (page 46) in a rainbow of Xmas hues. ($7.50). . Satined and sequined G-string (previous page) completes set for $17.99. . Electronic diddler (a woman's best a Boutique.

No woman alive could
Resist the temptation
Of the goodies that lay
At this secret location.

There were dildos and nighties
And rubbers and bras
And panties and cockrings,
Ballgags and ben-was.

The nylon aroused her.
Leather put her in heat.
She got rid of her horns then
By beating her meat.

Having ransacked our stockpile
And gotten her rocks
She went back up the smokestack
And dreamed about cocks.

She flashed through the air
Like a red Widow-Maker
And flicked on the CB
And issued this breaker:

"Christmas Queen on the bounce,
32 hooves coming atcha.
Got my beaver in gear
And my equalized stature.

"May your Yule be bodacious.
May your stock upward soar.
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a ten-four!"

Frau Kringle's cucarachas can scarcely be contained (opposite) in this smashing black corset ($21.95). . . . Finally, a sizzling black garter for special un-dress occasions ($6.99) from Michael Salem, Santa Claus to the sybaritically-inclined.

THE COMPLEAT FIST-FUCKER

By BOB AMSEL

Whether or not it's your cup of tea, elbow-deep sex is here to stay. And here's the most comprehensive article you'll ever read about it.

KRISKCO
FFA

DICK SCHEMM

THE COMPLEAT FIST-FUCKER

Which of the following statements accurately describes fist-fucking?

a) A form of masturbation sometimes called a "hand-job"
b) The rite of an ancient Indian cult to facilitate astral projection
c) A new and bizarre S/M practice
d) A sexual art commencing with the insertion of a hand into the ass or cunt
e) An intimate sex act said to provide sensual, emotional, and spiritual fulfillment
f) An invention of the Crisco company to promote sales

If you chose answers *b*, *d*, and *e* you win a free rectal examination by your favorite fist-fucker. If you selected *a* and *f* you're blessed with a raunchy sense of humor—if nothing else. If you picked *c* you've been seeing too many Fred Halsted movies; please . . . try to forget them.

Fist-fucking is a game that can be played by two people or any army of rump-fixated orgiasts. The fist-fucker—or active partner—is called the Top; the fist-fuckee—or passive partner—is the Bottom. How the hand of the Top finds its way into the Bottom's bottom is a spine-tingling story, but first, let's look at this sex-mad scene . . .

The majority of fist-fuckers are hot-house variety male homosexuals, although in recent times curious straights have been trespassing on this gay-dominated turf. Men are beginning to fist-fuck their women vaginally. Women, those cunning creatures, have solved the problem of penis envy by fist-fucking their men anally. Many folks—of all sexual persuasions—are growing weary of cock-cunt or cock-ass contact. Fist-fucking, they find, adds volumes to carnal knowledge as it symbolically blends two bodies into one. The lovers devour, absorb, engulf each other in mystical ways that are incomprehensible to the uninitiated. I—being one of those uninitiated—found aid in writing this weird and wondrous article from a flock of bona fide fist-fuckers and fuckees. This group consisted primarily of homosexual males—skilled practitioners of this taboo-enshrouded art, considered ultra-kinky to less adventurous heterosexuals. (Those heterosexuals who *do* scratch the surface are too ticklish to talk about it.)

One handsome gay Bottom—a blue-eyed blond choirboy type—candidly described to me the sensual excitement he regularly experiences: "First of all, getting fist-fucked is a whole different ballgame than getting cock-fucked. With a cock I find all sensation centered around my ass, but with a fist, I find my entire body responding. And it's much more than just a physical thing. When my ass has swallowed the whole thing, I get emotional, psychological, even spiritual satisfaction. My total being is conscious only of what is happening inside me and external things no longer exist. I even get internal orgasms when my whole body starts to tremble. Sure, they have nothing to do with my cock—but who gives a fuck? Maybe they're psychological or—or due to muscular contractions. Anyway, once it's over—once the hand is withdrawn, I suddenly snap out of this . . . this trance-like spell I'm under."

The blond's lover—a husky, dark-haired Top—showed me the other side of the moon. "Once my hand is completely inside his ass, I'm overcome by the warmth of his body. I feel as though my hands were encased in velvet. The intimacy of being inside him fills me with such a feeling of love it's incredible. Maybe part of it has to do with the fact that he trusts me so much he literally puts his life in my hands."

How far, I asked the Top, is it possible to penetrate the Bottom's ass? "Normally the limit is about three inches above the wrist—on a level with the navel. When I first work my hand past the sphincter muscle, I find myself in this velvety cavernous opening which leads—once you get through another valve or canal—into the lower intestines. In order to penetrate this canal I have to progress very slowly through another muscle. I call this muscle a 'second sphincter' because I don't know the anatomical term for it. Many times a Top never gets past this 'second sphincter' at all. It depends a lot upon the Bottom's bone structure or other individual differences.

"A Top should *never* try to force his way into the intestines. It's a dangerous game—any way you play it—and you have to be patient as hell. One time, though, I did get my hand so far up into someone's intestines I could actually feel his organs—even his heart beating. I was scared shitless because I didn't want to do anything wrong and harm the Bottom. Another thing—when I got that far inside, the body exerted a terrific pressure on me. I was a foreign body and it was trying to force me out. Christ, this pressure really hurt my fingers."

One needn't wait for a decree from the Surgeon General (whoever the hell *he* is) to deduce that fist-fucking may be hazardous to one's health—and life. If the fist is forced, the Bottom's colon may be ruptured. Most fatalities occur among amateurs who don't know what they're doing or experts who are too stoned on drugs to care. It's all right for the Bottom to be whacko, but the Top must never lose control. There's nothing wrong with being high, but people who like to be fucked-up-beyond-recognition should make funeral arrangements first. The three greatest trouble-makers are poppers, beer, and dope—in excess.

Many people are under the misapprehension that fist-fucking is an S/M scene. Self-proclaimed stud and sadist Fred Halsted does it, so it must be S/M, right? Wrong. This is crummy logic. Since Halsted also likes cock, it would be equally asinine to suppose that all cock-lovers are sadists and all cunt-lovers are not. At least 90 per cent of people into fist-fucking have no interest in S/M activities whatsoever.

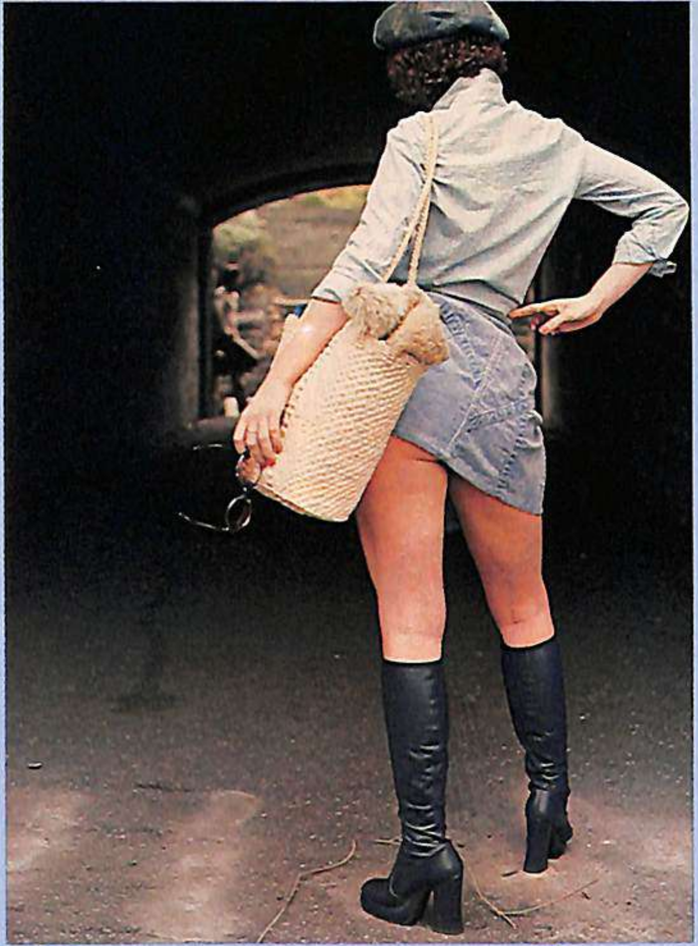
"In S/M relationships," claims one 40-year-old man (who alternates between Top and Bottom positions), "sex acts are seemingly impersonal, detached, devoid of emotion. I don't know how much of this is game-playing, but the people involved seem to use one another

(Continued on page 72)

FLASH DAT GASH!

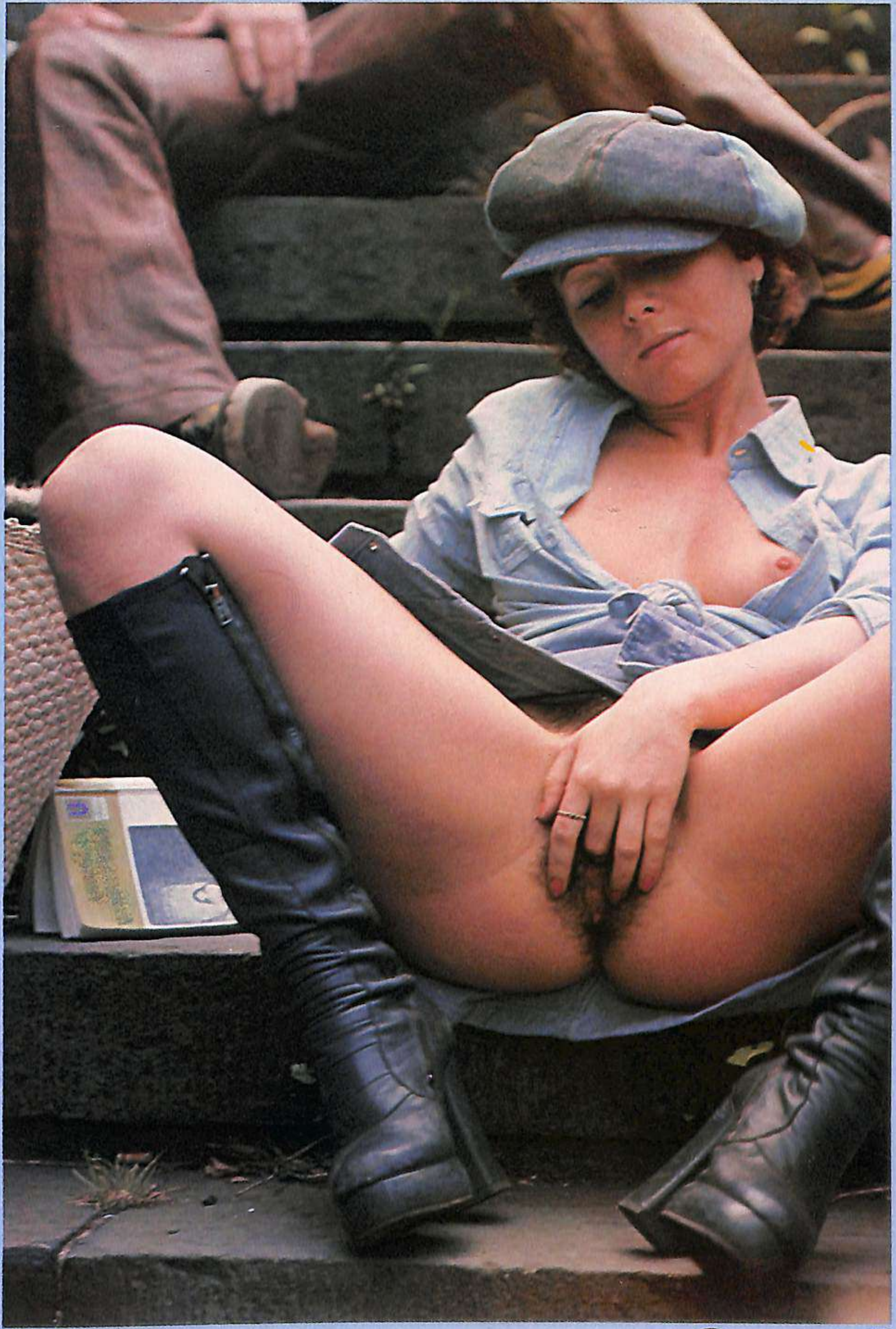
An essay on the voyeur-flasher detente by Peter Hurd, photographer, and Diana Hawkins, fantasist.

Things are a mess, and they don't even show signs of bottoming out. Every day comes a fresh offense to the right order of . . . oh, everything. Artificial preservatives, Watergate, Soweto, the breakup of the Grateful Dead, Sonny and Cher getting their contract renewed, one disaster after another. The center is not holding, friends, the Old Morality is crumbling like a stale Zweibach, and one of the worst examples is sitting here



in Central Park, not even stoned. You probably think that this flagrant individual is a professional model. Surely a nice girl, one with a proper upbringing—i.e. not one of the degenerate runaways that crawl through our offices after funds for a fix—would never flaunt it all like that.

That's where you're wrong and not only that, but dumb. There are no more good girls and bad girls, there are only degrees of moral decay. All the assholes who used to swallow goldfish and squeeze themselves into phone booths and other so-called harmless pranks are now heavily into indecent exposure. No one is sure why. It could be an outgrowth of the Woodstock why-don't-we-do-it-in-the-road ethic. It could be a desire for a lot of flash attention. It could be a hot day. But if you go around convinced there are no unicorns you'll never see one and if you go strolling through the park without checking the underbrush and even turning



over rocks, this is what you'll miss.

If it is too difficult for you to confront your fantasies right there on the bicycle path you should probably take the bus to work, or even stay under the bed. They're all out there, disgustingly natural, never wearing underwear until well into October, shamelessly working their way through "The Psychopathlogy of Everyday Life." They pay tuition regularly and are even registered to vote and they like the feel of the wind in their hair and the sun on their tits, although every now and then one gets mad if she's bitten by a bug.

Take My Wife, Please!

(Continued from page 42)

Suzanne: Tell me about some of the things that have happened here. I'm sure you've seen just about everything. Any really strange requests?

Ralph: Yes! But I really can't talk about it. You see, one of the things people like about this is that I guarantee absolute privacy. I never give out names . . . the couples can do that when they meet if they want to. And I never let anyone else see their files. Though if you see someone you like and point him out to me, I'll call him and ask if he wants to get in touch with you.

Suzanne: What sort of people write to you for invitations?

Ralph: All kinds. A large number are married couples. A lot are singles. Both men and women. Most are in their late twenties to early forties. But we seem to be getting a number of older people now, too. I think my oldest couple are in their seventies. And they're from all different walks of life. Bankers, engineers, secretaries, truck drivers. You name it, we've got it!

Suzanne: And how can our readers get applications for a party? Or book a room?

Ralph: Just tell them to write to me. The address is The Jamesport Motel, Route 25, Jamesport, New York 11947. Or they can call me at 516-722-4877. I'll send them the applications and reserve the rooms.

Well, I would have liked to talk to him some more, but I couldn't resist those rooms. It's really fantastic to lie back on a waterbed in a dimly lit, softly-carpeted room and watch your partner in the ceiling mirror as he balls you. And, if you pick up your head slightly, you can see the reflection, in the mirror at the foot of the bed, of his cock entering you. I was so wet I thought I could fuck all night. And Scott said he felt the same way about it. When I last saw him.

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 30)

right into my mouth. I was too surprised to pull away. The taste was not unpleasant—a little like weak tea. We fucked and sucked and sloshed around in the tub till we were all smelly and exhausted.

When I finally got back to the pool to rinse off it was deserted, so I headed for the living room. On top of the elegant glass-topped chrome coffee table a very attractive woman was squatting. As I got closer I noticed a turd was sticking out of her asshole. Mr. X and as many other people as could squeeze under the coffee table were getting a bird's-eye view of the action. With a small groan she squeezed the turd out of her asshole and it landed on top of the glass with a soft plop. After a minute or so of straining, another turd protruded from her asshole. While the first one had been small and somewhat rounded this one appeared to go on forever. When she finally had squeezed it out it was the size of a large cock and perfectly formed. Her feat was applauded by everyone and Mr. X climbed up on the table with her and fucked her in the ass. You had to *be* there! Sooo the next time you see those classified ads that say something like "erotic" or "golden" showers you'll know exactly what you're letting yourself in for and perhaps a little more.

Swing Shift Recommends:

With the holidays here most people are thinking about heading south toward the sun, surf and sandy beaches. If you're thinking Florida you may want to spend some time at either or both of the following places. CYPRESS COVE is a regular mobile-home village-in-the-nude with pavement and street lights. One- and two-bedroom homes with cooking facilities and private bath are $20.00 per day per couple. There is also camping available at $39.00 per week, or by the day. Their facilities include a lake, restaurant, various sports including fishing; a rec hall, children's play area and a

(Continued on page 74)

Krisco
SHORTENING
HOFFMAN

"Tonsils, here I come!"

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Enclosed is check or money order in the amount of $________
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1. This order can only be shipped within the continental limits of the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.
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STATE ZIP — Total Charge

THE LADY FROM OOH!

Underground magazine editor, Khristina, has a lot to say about why she flaunts her fern.

In the first issue of CHERI we ran a story on the Star Family of Los Angeles, America's first functional porn commune ("Ink, Cum, Revolution!")—a pioneering group of free-loving souls who fuck and work together honestly, producing the *LA Star Magazine*, motherlode of sexual sincerity and open forum for readers' comments. Starniks hold the philosophy that fantasies not brought out into the sunshine will rot your heart out. As the editors say, "Sensuality is revealing yourself." The community has spawned four sister publications to date, including *OOH!*, a reader-written rag which features a lady named Khristina, ardent liberator of the body visible, whose manifesto of sensual liberation we proudly print here—along with scintillating portraits by the *Star's* Ric Dante.

50¢
A READER WRITTEN RAG
NO.2
OOH!

SHOCKING ENOUGH TO STOP A CLOCK!
cheri

PHOTOS BY RIC DANTE

ARTICLE BY KHRISTINA

My name is Khristina and my first love—as a photographer and designer of pornography—is working for *OOH! Magazine* in Los Angeles. My second love (and favorite pastime, I might add) is being a blatant and well-adjusted exhibitionist. I guess you might say my desires and motivations are just as normal as anyone else's in my business—so when I see someone presenting him/herself for public inspection in an inhibited manner, it seems a giant step backward for mankind. Let me explain.

Of all the sexual problems that the phylum Middleclass Americanus is afflicted with, embarrassment over the human body seems to be most prevalent. The initial Adam and Eve thing with apples, periods, labor pains and all that crap, has been thunderbolted down to many of us from the pulpit with assurances that our bodies are vile, that we must subjugate ourselves to our Maker for forgiveness. As if that weren't enough, the media has hit on it, too. Not only do our underarms smell, but so do (God forbid) other, more erogenous zones . . . our teeth aren't white, we

"One dirty phone caller actually put a paper bag around his penis so I could hear him jerk off better."

have ungainly corns and callouses on our feet, and warts are talked about in the smallest of whispers—as are nose and tit jobs. It seems as if I'm taking on a never-ending job, trying to advocate pride in exhibitionism. Maybe I should start a charity drive to buy TV time and show people exposing themselves during a tampon commercial. Anyhow, not to deviate (Oh! excuse me), we should be *proud* of our bodies.

Nothing pleases me more than engaging in a whole-hearted flash—walking by the open office door of a bank president (hopefully in a board meeting with a lot of straight types) with my dress pulled over my head—and no knickers! Or tripping through a PTA meeting, an Eagle Scout Awards night, a home-town basketball game . . . I have developed a desire to rid the world of inhibited exhibitionism by advocating everyone being the expos*er* rather

"Masked men across the country beat their meat at me from every alleyway."

than the exposee. Think about it! Who would be left?

Now, a standard dark-corner flash is nothing new—and in my opinion, should be stopped. Stamped out. Men in brown felt hats and raincoats, whispering lewd suggestions through powder room air-vents—sitting through 'Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood' *twice*, in case some canine-loving Brownie Scout should happen by—these boys are on their way out. *(Continued on page 71)*

"Nothing pleases me more than walking by the the open office door of a bank president with my dress pulled over my head."

THE FIRST FAMILY

(Continued from page 21)

wife never climaxes on stage.

TERRI: No, no, no, never. I enjoy more home, when I got privacy.

MILNER: You mean after doing it all day long on stage, you go *home* and do it?

TERRI: Oh, yes, I have to go home and do it because on stage I feel like somebody else. Like some comedian who gets up and tells his jokes and leaves. It's a routine, you know?

MILNER: It's amazing you *have* a sex life at home after fucking four or five times on stage!

PHIL: Well, if I don't cum all day, you know, you go home and you have to get it on. By then you're so frustrated . . . like I say, I only cum when they pay me for it. And then four times a day, it almost kills you! But even then I was still doing it at home.

Why?

PHIL: Just wanted something more when I got home.

MILNER: Amazing.

PHIL: The whole thing's much easier for me than it is for Terri. Maybe I'm a little sick in the head or something. I mean, most of the sex teams can't get it up with a screaming, yelling audience, but I can turn them around to my side. In fact, it actually *helps* me get an erection! Like sometimes when I come out on the stage and I hear a guy go, "Hey, Phil, you're gonna get laid!" I'll say, "Hey, hey, hey, I'm gonna get laid!" and beat my chest like Tarzan and make a joke of it. I can get off on it. But some people get very vulgar . . . calling us names. Sometimes they'll say, "Faggot, you ain't gonna get it up!" It upsets Terri.

TERRI: Sometimes the men in the audience say things and it makes me feel tight. Especially like with a Spanish audience. When they call out things in English, they talk so fast sometimes I can't understand it and then I can ignore them. But when they speak in my language they make me feel very depressed.

MILNER: Do you wish Phil would say something back to them? To make them stop?

TERRI: Yes!

PHIL: She gets mad when I don't. It has caused problems between us. But to me, the people who shout these things are just idiots. *They* paid to see *me.* Besides, I feel that a confrontation with the audience is a definite no-no in show business. If I confront them, my show is going to be made much more difficult. But one time it got so bad we both walked off the stage.

TERRI: It was terrible.

MILNER: You seem very relaxed about the whole thing, Phil.

PHIL: There's nothing to be nervous about. These people are sitting there and I'm entertaining them. For me to be nervous would mean I'm not an entertainer. I used to be a bouncer and then a master of ceremonies, so I've had a lot of experience with crowds in clubs and theaters. To get on stage and talk to people doesn't bother me, because I can relate to them.

TERRI: *I* can't.

MILNER: Are you a very monogamous couple? Do you only fuck each other?

TERRI: Yes.

PHIL: Basically. We've had one experience with another girl. We tired to bring her into the bed with us, but it was sort of a downer for both of us. We love each other, and to see somebody else manhandling the other . . . it turned us off a little. We had no argument about it, no conflict with each other, but it just wasn't for us.

MILNER: When did you first get laid?

PHIL: My first piece of ass? I was fourteen. A nice little Jewish girl . . . she was fifteen. We fucked only on weekends; during the week we had to go to school. I wouldn't say now it was the best piece of ass I've ever had, but I thought it was at the time.

MILNER: Did you fuck continuously from that time onward?

PHIL: No, I had a lay-off for a year.

MILNER: What put you back in the action?

PHIL: I was working in a butcher shop when this 32-year old lady came in. She taught me all the tricks.

MILNER: In the butcher shop?!

PHIL: No, I delivered some cold cuts to her house and she invited me in. She poured herself a drink and started getting a little fresh with me. I started getting a little fresh back. We made love for the next two years. Then one day her husband came home early and I had to jump out the second-floor window to escape. Got a big cut on my prick from the zipper when I hit the ground.

MILNER: Why'd you have to jump out a second-story window?

PHIL: Her husband was a police officer, that's why.

MILNER: Did you ever think these early experiences would end up with you fucking your wife on stage?

PHIL: Oh, no. I was a good Catholic boy going to Rice Hall, playing basketball. Made all-City.

MILNER: Keep it up and you might make the Olympic Fucking Team.

PHIL: They ought to give me an award. World's Best Prick. I may have started early, but I never thought I'd be doing it on stage. Then it was just fun.

MILNER: What was the most unusual scene you got into in your youthful adventures?

PHIL: An orgy near Washington Square. I was about eighteen. I met this girl at a gay bar . . . I'd gone there with a girl I know, a friend of mine, who is gay. From the bar they all took me down to this orgy. I was a baby-faced little boy. Just peach fuzz. I think if I'd been a real macho they wouldn't have taken me on. The party lasted four days.

MILNER: Have anything to eat?

PHIL: Yeah, I ate an awful lot of pussy. Also some crackers and cheese.

MILNER: You just ate and fucked for four days with thirteen people?

PHIL: Thirteen women. Gays.

MILNER: Thirteen *gays*? Just you and thirteen gays?

PHIL: Me and my friend Conrad.

MILNER: Did you *fuck* these girls, too?

PHIL: Sure. Lots of times. I figure they just wanted a few cocks on the side after they'd gotten their pussy eaten. They might have been gay, but they really knew how to turn a man on. too. I'll never forget that.

MILNER: Get any sleep those four days?

PHIL: I slept while Conrad fucked, and the other way around. There was lots of pot around, and that helped, too.

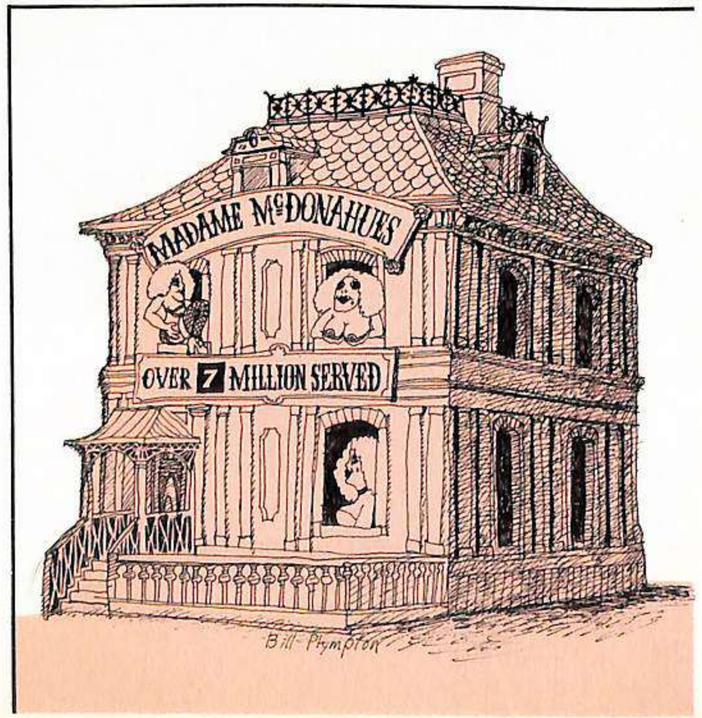
MILNER: Afterwards you went home?

PHIL: Yeah, and my old man took one look at me and said, "You look terrible. Go to bed." So I told him where I'd been and he laughed for a week. He's a real man, he has nothing against fucking. He said, "I wish I'd had that when I was your age!" Then I fell asleep for thirty hours. That was the wildest thing I've ever been through.

MIL : How about now? How long do you think you can keep the act up?

TERRI: I don't think *I* can continue that long. I want to save some money. I want to have a nice show, get some gowns, some nice choreography, costumes . . . something professional. I want to stay in show business, but not this. Something I can travel with all over Europe, with no problems. So I can feel myself, you know, *show* business girl. You know what I mean? Here, I make my own costumes between shows to kill time. It's so boring otherwise. I have to do something.

PHIL: With any luck we'll last another year . . . before I have to go to the hospital for hormone shots. But I don't know if Terri can stand it that long. You know, when you gotta get up there on that stage and fuck your brains out four times a day . . . it's not the easiest way to make a living!



OOH!

(Continued from page 69)

I favor and endorse blatant exposure and have become a crusader of sorts, through a series of events which I will now relate.

As a child I realized I must have some invisible attraction for perverts and assorted types—no two weeks would ever go by without some wayward soul exposing himself or making rude suggestions in dark corners of subway stations—while my mother's back was turned. Events such as these can be unsettling to a small person (such as myself) simply because an innocent child seeing something equally as innocent—the human body—being exposed in a manner suggesting there's something wrong with nudity, triggers embarrassment—which triggers guilt, and we're back to square one.

During my pubescent years I moved to the country with my family, and leaving the city life behind, I enjoyed a quiet life with only sporadic outbursts from local oppressed types who engaged in hasty jack-offs, muttering gibberish about sheep and Wellington boots. So during these (relatively) uneventuful formative years I actually harbored almost normal sexual drives and attitudes, with only a few nasty memories.

At 18 I left school to do some traveling—before settling down to my calling, which I thought was to awe Madison Avenue with my ravishing talents as a designer. I decided to visit some of the larger European and North Africa cities. A mistake. As an Urbanophile again, all hell broke loose. It seemed the whole world was waiting to show me various parts of its anatomy in dark corners. Everywhere I turned was another confrontation. I started avoiding side streets and public bathrooms and out of desperation even tagged along with Senior Citizens' Tour Groups, but nothing seemed to help.

Coming home again was even worse. Masked men across the country beat their meat at me from every alleyway. Fights occurred over strategic locations in which to perform secretive deeds for my eyes only. Dirty phone calls abounded with auditory richness—one guy even put a paper bag around his penis so I could hear the performance better! I had reached the saturation point. Eventually I realized the only way to stop such effrontery was to return tit for tat. For each inhibited assault I got, I did a spectacular reinterpretation on the spot—*blatantly*, with as many flourishes as I could think of.

I admit this was going slightly overboard, but I was cornered. I had reached the point of thinking about convents and high brick walls to keep everyone away from me. Oddly enough, my wild displays got results. People were so shocked they just stood there, mouths and flys open, while I administered my own philosophies. Many times we'd both get a laugh from it and really start talking about things, like why a different system of values was adopted for each of us and where it had taken us.

Now I'm settled in Los Angeles, and it appears that inhibited flashing is not a West Coast pastime. People out here are firm believers in nudity and are pretty up-front with most issues. Thanks to my extensive background in naked men and perversions, I've become very interested in photographing people for *OOH!* Magazine, and I do lots of design for them as well. I prefer photographing nude men—I love the look of a classic male body—as you'll see if you pick up any of our issues. I've found my sexually-oriented niche in society and enjoy it immensely. Everyone I work with—Luigi, Paul, Lenore, Ric (another *OOH!* photographer—we photograph each other a lot; in fact, he took the pictures you see of me here)—everyone is wonderful, and I find my work really exciting.

I do free-lance work from my home and from time to time, when I'm in a meeting with a client or at some type of organized happening, I still have waves of uncontrollable desire to flash a tit or more . . . but I pretty well contain my exercises to my house, and have evolved my exposure into full nudity. Friends and neighbors are now quite used to the sight of a Naked Artist in Residence. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Love and Full Exposure to All.

ANNIE SPRINKLE'S INSIDE GUIDE TO MASSAGE PARLORS

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to choose from. Only one or two? Forget it! The consumer reviews in your local sex newspaper will also help a lot. You really want a well-run place where the girls aren't hanging out reading, rapping and just killing time until the next sucker shows up.

Don't judge by price alone. The best girls aren't always in the most expensive places. Some of the most sexual will be in parlors with a set rate and a no-tipping policy. Why? They're not the businesswoman type. You could say they prefer to fuck and get paid for it, rather than fuck for money. There's a *big* difference. The girl who fucks for money—i.e., connives for it, schemes for the biggest tip—loves money. The girl who fucks and just gets paid for it, loves sex. And let me tell you, *she's* the girl you're looking for!

So now you're in the door. If it's establishment policy, sit down in the lounge, relax and have a drink. Observe the girls and talk with them. The worst thing you could do now is to choose one on impulse alone.

There are as many different types of female working in parlors as there are hairs on your chest. Now I'll put them into categories for you . . . the bad and the beautiful, the loving and the lame. Remember, though, that there are exceptions to every rule.

Okay, the rapper. Every parlor has one. She zooms in on the customer and tells him anything he wants to hear in order to get him into her room—and to get herself into his wallet. Rapping is about all she *will* do. She's a total business woman. She doesn't give a damn about you as a person—she knows she'll never see you again, so so what? A real con artist, no matter how pretty she is.

I personally can get off on a lesbian woman once in a while—but you probably won't. Because she won't get off on you! She's not into hairy chests, cocks, balls and cum—and what else do you want? The thing is, she's sometimes hard to spot right away. The lesbians I worked with wore no make-up, little or no jewelry—and *never* high-heeled shoes. The thing they hated worst of anything was sucking cock.

This may sound like jealousy, but I tell you—stay *far* away from the "Vogue" model types. From experience I've found that a doll with a high-fashion look is a royal pain in the ass. Sure, they're a joy to look at—but that's the only pleasure you'll get. Unless you're into necrophilia and dig sex with stone-cold bodies. They feel they're so gorgeous that it's a real privilege for you to see them naked. The problems start if you want them to respond in any way. Don't kiss them—it ruins their lipstick. Don't give them a hug—it irritates their skin. Don't go down on them—it's so disgusting. Maybe for an extra $200 they'll allow you to suck their toes, but they won't like it at all. Get the picture?

The company girl—she works eight days a week. When she tells you she keeps that full a schedule, you know she's all worn out from sex. Now part-time girls, on the other hand, are always very horny. Take me—I used to work Sundays only. My manager used to introduce me as, "This is only-on-Sundays Annie." That was my day to play and I was so hot I could get off on anything. I often felt guilty about taking money from the guys who made me come—I had *that* good a time. But I always worked like hell to make him feel just as good, if not better. I always *cared*.

The gold digger. All that glitters—meaning lots of diamond rings, solid gold chains, flashy clothes and expensive shoes—is pure gold—the gold she wants from you, honey. She's crazy about money and will do anything to get it—or, too often, promise everything and do nothing at all.

The kinko queen. Suppose you crave something out of the ordinary, such as anal sex. Be cool. The only way to find a girl who gets off on this is to ask—since in my experience most girls don't. So before you pay, ask specifically. But don't be crude. Don't say, "Hey listen, sugar, can you get off on my six inches up your ass?" Be discreet. Whisper in her ear, "Do you speak Greek?" Be careful of directly sexual questions. Getting paid for it is illegal everywhere, you know.

But there are girls who'll really want to please you in any possible way. She'll work with your wildest desires, your most off-

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the-wall fantasies—just don't be clumsy and explicit. But don't be shy, either. Masturbation, spanking, dominance, playtoys—a girl can get off on them as much as you can. You'll put a little variety in her monotonous day, too. And with luck, and the right chemistry, you'll really turn her on!

But sometimes the rules don't apply. If you've got a fetish for redheads and there's only one in the house—go! If you get crazy for teeny little feet with red enamelled toenails and there's a pair winking up at you, don't think twice. Remember your fantasies, your intuitions—if it arouses you to throw down cash and fuck a hard-core whore with a humongous hair-do and piles of make-up and minnie-mouse eyelashes (many, many men do), well then just pick the biggest slut on the sofa. If you're a tit man and she's the only 38-D . . . I often got picked on tits alone . . . remember that big-boobed girls are usually openhearted, sexually generous and—especially in my case—fantastically eager to please.

Foreign girls have their own special appeal. Of course I won't go into racial sterotypes . . . if you'd never dream of balling a black girl, or she's the only one who'll ever get you hard, that's your own choice. But European girls, I've found, are usually super-straight, sexually. Great at what they do do, which is sucking and fucking in all of three positions. But don't expect any imaginative embellishments, and if you ask them, like, to ride you around the floor or pee in your mouth, they'll get very uptight.

I knew some magnificent West Indian girls. If you happen to come across one—especially from Haiti—choose her right away. Why? Not only will she have a nice, round, silky ass, long, hard nipples, a deep throat and a cunt that won't quit coming, but a very giving peronality besides. I've never met one that didn't have all these plusses, and more. Plus, they're often bi.

The Latin and Italian girls I met in the parlors seemed very sensitive to their customers' needs. Oriental girls—I really don't have a definite pattern for them. They go from extreme indifference to loving care. They're so exotic, wonderful looking, but they always ask for very high tips.

Believe it or not, the business is full of transsexuals. Meaning a man who's had an operation to become a woman. You won't recognize her as such—but she will be the most sought-after lady in the house. She'll be proud of her work and consider it a calling. She's into working very hard to be a very sexy, satisfying instrument of pleasure—now that she's found out who she really is.

If there's one thing to check out, it's the shy, quiet girl who's sitting in the corner as you enter. She may not come on loud in a room full of people, but when she's alone with you and your clothes are off—she's something else! I worked at one place in San Francisco where there was a girl who never opened her mouth. But when she took a man into her room, we could hear her clearly through the walls. And I mean *really* loud! Moaning and groaning in ecstasy, yelling things like, "Oh fuck me, it feels so good, fill me up!" Her customers came back again and again and again.

Same rule applies for girls who aren't knockouts—or maybe getting along in years. They're very eager to prove to you that they're even more expert than the other girls—and they usually are.

Even after reading this groovy article, if you're not willing to trust your own judgment in choosing a chick—a good bet is to go to the manager at the desk. Tell him you've never been there before, but you live or work nearby and you might come back on a regular basis—if you have a really nice time. Could he please suggest a girl? He'll definitely select the showpiece of the place, the most accommodating girl there.

Maybe you'll be pleased with her, but you really prefer a different girl for every visit. Ask a girl you've had to suggest another to suit your needs. She won't be insulted or jealous—we're used to that type of request. We're here to be of service—not go off on our *own* ego trips (most of us, anyway).

You might consider a double session—meaning two girls. Just make sure you get the right two. And I don't mean the two best-looking babes there. They just could hate each others' guts. Choose one girl and ask *her* to pick the other. Most massage parlor girls aren't bisexual—or they're not willing to admit it yet to the other girls. Now in my case, the moment a customer requested a scene he was referred to me and my girlfriend Judy. They called us "The Dynamic Duo." We were so bananas about double sessions that we'd worked out all kinds of things to do to a client with our four hands, two mouths, four tits and two hungry pussies. But a word of caution—an hour session with a "Dynamic Duo" can be habit forming, or, depending on your stamina, a fast lead-in to cardiac arrest. But fun.

Then there's the couples situation. You could bring your old lady and see what strange things go down. Just make very sure you pick the right massage girl, especially if it's your lady's first time in a den of iniquity. I personally have helped celebrate many an anniversary or birthday party with a couple—all very memorable. One of the kinkiest concerned a 40 year old woman, super-wealthy, who came in with her very dull-looking husband. She was covered with diamonds and explained to us that they'd already done a lot of swinging—so anything goes. Well there we were, the four of us on a waterbed after a champagne bubble-bath. My girlfriend and I took turns going down on her. In a few moments she came—wow! She sprayed—no lie—this watery fluid all over us continually for the next hour. The mattress pad was soaked, we were soaked—none of the other girls would believe us when we came out and told them the story. Do all 40 year old women come like this? I wondered. It was like tapping into a geyser by mistake.

Another time a Haitian girl came in with her boyfriend. She was stone gorgeous and it was his birthday and they'd just come from the opera—got that? She wanted to give him a special present. Another Haitian girl who worked there came out of a session room and they recognized each other—so the four of us decided to do a scene together. We grabbed a few bottles of champagne and spent three hours on a great big bed. The point of the story is that the electricity was so good between us, we forgot to ask them for the money! When playmates like this wander by, it would seem like bad manners, almost. You can get *that* carried away.

I know that you think that you're going into a massage parlor and putting down your hard cash for *service*. Your cash entitles you to a girl, you say, who's gonna deliver what it promises on the billboards in front of the joint. But listen, a lot of it is you. She's not a vibrator you turn on to get off. She's a real, live human being with troubles and hangups just like your own. So if you connect up with her in a warm, sympathetic way she's gonna give you a lot more 'special attention' than if you just lay back and wait for her to make you feel like the conquering hero. I *know* it's what she was hired for. Just like a waitress is there to serve food and a Baskin-Robbins girl to make you an ice cream cone. But this is a super-personal situation, the most intimate one you can buy. Treat it that way. Give a little of yourself—look at her like she's something more than a tasty piece of meat you can manipulate for a half hour, and I guarantee you'll get a better session than the jerk who doesn't even call her by her first name. If you want her to treat you like a special guy—remember, she's special, too.

THE COMPLEAT FIST-FUCKER

(Continued from page 54)

strictly as sex objects. Most fist-fuckers, on the other hand, are very warm, very loving people."

Perhaps, I suggested to him, the public is confused because of the danger element. In S/M scenes, masochists are often attracted by danger and fist-fucking is certainly that.

"Sure," my friend smiled. "That's *exactly* why most of the people I know who are into fist-fucking stay clear of S/M types. The Bottom has to be reassured by the Top that he is not going to get hurt. The Bottom has to trust his Top implicitly. Without trust, how can the Bottom relax his ass muscles? Both partners must be totally at ease and comfortable with each other. To me, fist-fucking is the most intimate experience two people can have. Intimate is not a word I would use to describe S/M. Part of a masochist's thrill, I believe, is to feel his adrenaline flowing at the scent of danger. Isn't it? Well, I doubt if this constitutes a relaxed state. In the majority of S/M clubs you will not find fist-fuckers because the scene is simply incompatible."

And what about fist-fucking clubs? Are there any and, if so, what function do they serve?

"Several exist," he replied, "for a very practical reason. For protection and safety. Most people seriously involved in fist-fucking do not want to wind up on a slab. And if I'm in the mood to be a Bottom, I don't want to go to bed with somebody who doesn't know what the hell he's doing. If—for example—I'm

planning to travel out of town, I can secure contacts through members of clubs or friends of members who are scattered throughout the country. Sure, I love getting fist-fucked but not enough to get involved with someone who could easily kill me—accidentally or on purpose."

In a world where sexual psychopaths sometimes appear to outnumber those who are not, any sex scene—in which perils are involved—can attract unsavory types to it. Not too long ago in Los Angeles, a psychotic Top murdered at least three Bottoms by ripping out their intestines. He was ultimately discovered by some reputable fist-fuckers, who took him to the airport and escorted him to a plane heading for New York. L.A. was safe. As for Manhattan. . .

Why, I wondered, was this charmer not turned over to the police?

The dark, slender young Top who told me this lurid tale rewarded my inquiry with a world-weary sigh. "Fear . . . prejudice. How many respectable businessmen would care to admit to the police—and L.A. cops are not exactly known for their sensitivity—that they are fist-fuckers? Sure, some of us may start to come out of our closets, but I doubt whether we'll ever have social—let alone legal—acceptance. People who are aware of our existence regard us with repugnance. This holds true not only in the straight world but in the gay world—where almost anything goes. What's more, there are still a lot of ordinary gay people who are unable to admit to their friends or families or employers that they're gay. So how do you admit that you're gay *and* a fist-fucker? Can you see it? 'Hey, Mom and Dad, guess what I did to Johnny last night!' "

I asked him if he thought that fist-fucking was still primarily a scene involving certain male homosexuals.

"Yeah . . . basically. But there are a number of men and women who are starting to get into it. I know a woman who fist-fucks her husband all the time and he loves it. I know two lesbians who fist-fuck each other—vaginally. Also, several men who fist-fuck their women. Since I'm gay myself, I'm not an expert on female anatomy, but I believe that vaginal penetration is much easier for women—even though the hand cannot go as deeply into a woman as it can into a man. After all, a woman's reproductive organs are inside her body while a man's are on the outside."

Fist-fucking, as practiced today by serious devotees, requires careful and extensive planning by each of the partners, alone and together.

Long before the sex act commences, a responsible Top will concentrate on cleaning and manicuring his hands. The finger-nails should be trimmed as short and evenly as possible, then filed and brushed for smoothness. All rings and wrist-watches should be removed.

While the Top is thus engaged with his hands, the Bottom is preparing his rear for the grand passion. This involves extensive anal douching for sanitary reasons, for comfort, and for uninterrupted pleasure. This douching procedure does not, however, stem merely from an American cleanliness fixation. If the Bottom's lower intestines are not completely rid of shit, the Top may be in for a messy surprise when—in the process of fist-fucking—he withdraws his hand and a stream of fecal matter follows, befouling the sheets, his lubricant-coated hand, and his partner's rear. In the event that such an accident does occur, it's back to the john for the Bottom—who re-douches—and for the Top—who must clean his hands again. They can toss a coin as to who changes the sheets.

"When I give myself an anal douche," the choirboy-type blond informs me, "I will follow it by fist-fucking myself in the shower or by using a dildo. Many times when you think you're clean, douche water is actually trapped in your lower intestines and you might find yourself producing a minor flood at the worst possible moment."

Once the Top and Bottom have performed their solitary chores, preparations are made for the sex act itself. Most fist-fuckers use a special set of sheets and towels to avoid spending a lifetime at the launderette. These sheets and towels are bound to get smeared with lubricant and despite TV detergent advertising claims, Crisco stains and smells are not easily removed.

So why Crisco? There are several reasons why this shortening is favored among fist-fuckers. First of all, it is gentle and has a long staying power, while such lubricants as KY and other commercial jellies tend to dry up. Certain fist-fuckers use Abilene Cream, which is slightly rougher in texture and therefore, less popular. Crisco is also preferred because it is a digestible vegetable shortening which can be absorbed by the body. The can of Crisco—at room temperature—should be placed conveniently near the bed. (Certain fist-fuckers complain that it has a slightlyobjectionableodor, but until something better comes along . . .) Because Crisco is greasy, a dish-washing liquid such as Joy or Ivory Liquid or Palmolive should be available in the bathroom for the post-sex clean-up. Regular soap will not suffice.

Next, a sexually conducive atmosphere should be established. This can include a long-playing tape of one's favorite banging music. Crisco-coated hands are not suitable for changing records or switching radio stations. In addition to music, romantic lighting is a pleasant touch.

Fist-fuckers generally make more use of drugs than other sexual groups. Pills such as Talwin or Valium are dandy muscle relaxers. Mescaline, speed, grass, poppers (amyl nitrate) are also popular for creating a relaxed, erotic atmosphere. Xylocaine or other local anesthetics are sometimes applied to the sphincter muscle—depending on the Bottom's preferences. It cannot be stressed too often that neither the Bottom nor the Top should get so wrecked on drugs that he places his own or his partner's life in jeopardy.

To get the balling rolling, ordinary foreplay is customary—kissing, licking, sucking, fucking, reaming—whatever is necessary to stimulate the Bottom. A responsive Top, sensing when his partner's rump is randy, will generously grease his own hand with the Crisco. With one finger the Top will then lubricate the Bottom's ass. Next, finger-fucking begins.

Once the sphincter muscle—the entranceway to the citadel—is relaxed enough to comfortably accommodate the first finger, the Top progresses to two fingers, then three, then so on. Patience, trust, tenderness, and a generous dash of affection are the keys that open a Bottom's anal petals. It may take five minutes or three hours for the sphincter to expand enough to receive the gently probing, twisting, turning fingers.

The most difficult part about fist-fucking is getting the knuckles through the opening. That is why "fist-fucking" is a deceptive term since the hand, rather than being clenched, is open—the fingers tightly together, the thumb compressed in the palm. The Top should never use force to enter or an excruciatingly painful fissure or tear may result. This would end the sex act before it had begun. When the Bottom is loose enough to receive the Top, his own bodily yearning will draw the loving hand further in.

If, for any reason, a Top is progressing too quickly, the Bottom should not hesitate to cry, "Bloody Murder!"—in a tactful way. However, once the hand is past the sphincter muscle and is cozily lodged in the ass, the Top is finally in a position to make a fist—or to open and close his hand at will. Each Bottom has his own preference as to what strokes give him the greatest pleasure. Some Bottoms enjoy a twisting motion, while others prefer just an opening and closing of the hand. Even an in-and-out fucking action—during which the hand leaves and re-enters the body in a continuous rhythm—is appealing to some. Certain Bottoms are mad for all sorts of movements, particularly movement that massages—at the same time—the erotically sensitive prostate gland.

Once the Top is initially inside the ass, it is up to the Bottom to decide how far he wishes his lover to go. But not all wishes come true, and penetration is often dependent upon the size of the Top's hand and the interior bone structure of the Bottom. Never should the Top use force. The Bottom should always be in control of what is happening inside his body. If he wishes the Top to stop at any point, his wishes should be respected.

Generally both partners reach orgasm through masturbation while the fist-fucking is taking place, although shooting jism is not a prerequisite for a fulfilling experience. The greatest thrill—the act itself—does not directly involve the cock.

According to one rosy-cheeked Bottom, "The first time I was fist-fucked, I experienced a spontaneous climax without even touching myself. This only happened once and now I jerk off if I wish to come. I prefer shooting my load at the same time my partner does. Often," he added, "I won't even have an erection until my lover's hand is inside me."

As for body positioning, most Bottoms prefer to lie on their backs. This cuts down on unnecessary movement and provides both partners with a certain leverage. Fist-fucking doggie-style is unpopular because it is difficult to maintain one's balance and still abandon oneself to pleasure. Doing it standing up is also a bit tricky. Certain experienced fist-fuckers, however, are proficient with a variety of positions—even hanging from the chandeliers or standing on their heads.

Certain detractors of the scene claim that Tops are fundamentally impotent men unable to get an erection, who must use their hands instead of their lifeless pricks. This charge may be true of a certain number of Tops, but most are just as capable of straight fucking as anyone else. At fist-fucking orgies, one is likely to see a variety of screwing taking place. Certain Bottoms are able to expand their sphincter muscles to such a degree that they can accommodate cocks and fists at the same time.

There are other ways, too, of doubling one's pleasure and doubling one's fun. Certain fist-fuckers are versatile enough to take turns being Top and Bottom men. One Top regretfully confessed to me, "I was watching my lover at an orgy the other day. He and this friend were taking turns fist-fucking one another, and I got this bittersweet feeling watching them. It was beautiful to see how they could give and receive so much pleasure, while I myself have never been able to be a Bottom—no matter how much I've wanted to."

The sad truth is that Bottoms must be psychologically primed to take a fist. Just because a rump has accommodated a wide variety of cocks and dildos does not necessarily mean it can accept a fist—or ever will.

But those special few who do enjoy getting fist-fucked often find themselves addicted to it. Other forms of sex may be enticing to some degree, but "the real thing" has a singular meaning. Some people—often non-fist-fuckers—believe that Bottoms who get fist-fucked regularly become so anally loose that they can no longer appreciate a good dick, and even if they can, are unable to give joy in return. The Tops and Bottoms I spoke to disagree.

"The sphincter muscle does become a little looser over a long period of time," one Top admitted, "but often it takes me just as long to work my hand inside. Certainly, if a person has just been fist-fucked and then gets cock-fucked, he's going to be very loose. But by the next morning, he's usually his old tight self again."

The Top's lover agreed. "There are good fucks and bad fucks and fist-fucking preferences have nothing to do with that. I know how to loosen or tighten my rectal muscles to satisfy any cock. Sure, I prefer getting fist-fucked, but I'm still tight. No one has yet compared my asshole to the Holland Tunnel."

Loose or tight, wrong or right, fist-fucking is being practised today in ever-increasing numbers. Yet it is hardly a modern phenomenon. When the British took over India in the last century, they became aware of the existence of a small sect that fist-fucked as part of a religious rite. This sect was composed of mystics who practiced astral projection—a trancelike, meditative state during which the soul or spirit was said to leave the body. Since it was believed that the body must remain completely stationary in order to safeguard the spirit's return, a fellow member of the group would obligingly fist-fuck the astral traveler for that purpose. The British—a bit stuffy when it came to such religious practices—outlawed the sect, who reportedly fled to Tibet. Since the Communist take-over of that small mountainous country, there is no way of ascertaining whether or not the group has survived—or whether or not their spirits are still soaring low overhead.

Not to worry. Another Indian sect—still in existence—practices a Bar Mitzvah-type ceremony in which a boy on the threshold of manhood must endure fist-fucking to prove that he is sufficiently macho to qualify as an adult. *Chacun a son gout.*

Even in America today there are those who regard fist-fucking as a religious experience. One cult in New Jersey practices fist-fucking with the fervor of Crusaders at war with infidels. Probably similar sects exist in California, where every other cult known to man seems to thrive.

In addition to those who translate—or rationalize—the joy of fist-fucking into terms of devout, sacred feeling, history supplies us with examples of people who fist-fucked for the sheer pleasure it gave them.

In modern times, Paris during the 1920's was a hot-bed of loving hands. The Bright Young Things (the French equivalent of the Mayfair set) often included in their ranks some ultra-rich, ultra-chic homosexuals who indulged in fist-fucking with a devil-may-care relish. The ominous Thirties brought an end to such blatant frivolity, but fist-fucking continued to survive in private.

At present the first or second-hand (pardon the pun) knowledge of fist-fucking dates back toi the 1950's. These practitioners (who probably carried on to the accompaniment of Elvis Presley hits) are now gentlemen in their forties and fifties, lovers whose private lives were strictly guarded at the time. But now—when closet doors are creaking open everywhere—younger devotees are becoming aware of fist-fucking in its historical perspective.

Who can seriously believe that any sex act hasn't been thought of and performed by someone sometime somewhere? If ancient erotic pottery only reflects more traditional muff-diving, dildo diddling, cocksucking, and cornholing, this doesn't mean that more unique forms of sexual expression weren't being explored at various Baccantes or Dionysiac revels. The desire to experiment sexually has always been a part of human nature, and puritanical or legal restrictions may drive a particular group underground—but it will not change tastes or thwart desire.

SWING SHIFT

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coin laundry. Conveniently located near Disney World, you might try staying here instead of a Holiday Inn. For further information contact Cypress Cove, Route 2, Box 349, Kissimmee, Florida 32741, or phone, (305) 846-9727. SUNNY SANDS RESORT offers two-bedroom mobile homes (12 feet wide) with kitchen and bath for $60 per week, or on a daily rental basis. They also have one-bedroom homes, trailer hook-ups, and camping at reasonable rates. In addition to a heated covered swimming pool, whirlpool, lake, and sports, Sunny Sands has an extra added attraction. The Sunny Sands Airlines. This one-plane airline offers the nude traveler special package deals to a secluded nude beach in the Bahamas. Fly over in the morning and back that same night or stay for 4 days—or longer! The 4-day trip, which starts at $95.00 per person for a party of 6, includes round-trip air transport in the Sunny Sands 7-seat Cherokee aircraft (flying time 1½ hours each way); first-class hotel accommodations, and transfers to and from the hotel to the nude beach in your own chauffered car. For further information contact Sunny Sands Resort, Route 2, Box 175, Pierson, Florida 32080, or phone, (904) 749-9786.

So keep those cards and letters coming to Audrey Andrews c/o Swing Shift at CHERI! And have a nice nudie holiday.

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

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smaller, more attractive, and obviously more experienced woman. The evening started all over with a change of scenery, Lucinda taking charge by transporting us to another bar not far from where we were. I could see she had my number, for Ursala's was the exact opposite of the bar we had left. Still dark and a little smoky, the atmosphere was softer, more female, more personal. I felt immediately at ease with the surroundings and the people. After introducing me to a few of her friends, she took me to a private table in the back. I felt like a schoolgirl on my first real date wondering when the guy's gonna make the move that decides the outcome of the evening. I didn't have to wait long for the casual suggestion that we go to her place for coffee.

I have never had a more nervous ride in my life, giving myself the Certs breath test, wondering if my armpits were damp, if I smelled like Old Spice Roll-on—a thousand hygienic questions rattling around in my mind. Then I began to dwell on know-how, I mean, just what *do* girls do to each other when they're alone, naked, in bed with the lights dimmed? I had some idea, but there had to be more to it than what I could come up with. What if I didn't like it, or what if I couldn't get her off or, or . . . infinite possibilities and castrophies that could befall me. Well, I thought, I'll follow her lead. I've always been good at following leads—a fast learner, a good worker, the girl with a Genuine Interest. Lucinda kept sending me these reassuring glances and patting me on the thigh. My problem is I am a chicken at heart but also I have an incurable curiosity. If I hear noises in the backyard at night I am scared to death but nothing in

the world would prevent me from tiptoeing out to investigate.

My worries were all ill-founded of course. No bad breath or catastrophies befell me. We had our planned coffee, then Lucinda simply led me into the bedroom, where all the right moves were executed with ease. I was afforded my first real look at a female body other than my own. I know what my body looks like from top to bottom, inside and out, but it's different to look at another woman. In high school everyone is running around in the raw in gym class, and other times you might see a girlfriend undress, but staring would be impolite and touching is out of the question. To see another woman's breasts and the shape of her hips, the flat stomach and slightly curved-out pubic line, and to be able to actually *touch* them, to examine them, without freaking them out—this was a unique experience for me.

Sexually, it was dynamite. Another woman can't make up for the hard feel of a man's dick (except artificially, of course); but a woman knows where a woman likes to be touched and how she likes to be touched, when to try something new and when to hold back or go ahead. Women's bodies are soft and graceful, where men's are hard and lean. A woman can bend where a man dominates—in most situations. It's plain to see our Mistress Roseanne has a certain way with men.

I hesitate to say it was the perfect experience, but it came as close to my original fantasy as possible. Unlike a lot of fantasies that fizzle once you've lived them through, this one did not lose its mystique. I live with a man now, but I still see Lucinda and a couple of other women I've met through her. I can get something from them that I can't get from a man. Something that has its foot in sex but is not entirely sexual. It's more the completion of a relationship than the basis for it. If I need a certain type of comforting or to be touched in a certain way or just some female conversation, I go to them. I have come to believe that it's important for people to have some sort of intimate contact with their own sex, whether it's sexual or not. We've lost something along the line with our fears and puritannical views. Perhaps I've just been lucky in finding real people, because I'm sure not all gay relationships are like this. Or maybe they are.

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 25)

a bit muddy and for some reason she marched him off to his room and I had no choice but to tag along. When we got there it seemed he had wet his pants and she was going to teach him a lesson. (I never did find out whether he really had urinated or whether that was just a cue to go upstairs.) She took off his clothes and washed off his sex, then in a cloud of baby powder, diapered him up. From a drawer she produced a pair of adult-size rubber latex panties. An undershirt with a flowered neckline completed the ridiculous picture. All this time she scolded him for wetting his pants and he whimpered and clutched at her bosom, nuzzling at her neck. There were heavy sexual overtones. In fact the room was bristling with sexual tension.

She tucked him into bed and handed him a pacifier which he sucked on greedily. They had sorta forgotten about me and I was afraid to breath for fear I'd break the spell . . . but he began gurgling my name and reaching for me. She told him I didn't like bad little boys who played with their wee-wee's, but he insisted. I went over to the crib. He wasn't a big man but needless to say he filled the crib and couldn't straighten out his legs. In the dim light his balding head almost resembled an infant's and his features, always a bit indistinct, took on a babyish blur. He was still whimpering about his pee-pee, she reminded him about peeing in his pants and there was a great deal of conversation about this. Then he reached towards her giant breasts and made sucking sounds—she opened her blouse and he knelt in the bed and suckled. She hummed a lullaby and patted him, and under his diaper his cock was hard as a rock. It seemed he wanted *me* to nurse him, too, so I agreed. I'm afraid I can't describe my exact feelings as I stood by that crib, being suckled by a fortyish "baby" and fondled by his loving "mommy" . . . so I won't try!

Finally he rubbed himself against the bed and fondled his "wee-wee" until he came. He groaned as he shot into the diaper and for a moment he seemed in pain. His wife looked flushed and uneasy, they had both been a little drunk and I was afraid they now regretted my presence. I turned, left the room quietly, and went downstairs.

She didn't come down for almost half an hour. I called a friend to come and pick me up, and I waited. Finally the hostess came down alone. I asked if everything was all right—she held my hand and said "yes" very softly. They had been playing this game for years and after a session he would be a potent lover for almost a week—after a week, they would begin all over again. She said it turned her on too. They had lots of books about it; they wrote letters to other couples who were into the same thing—there was a letter from a couple who used diapering for punishment. She showed me a catalog of rubber clothing and sheets etc. for sale. She would give her husband a large enema and put him into diapers and rubber pants, locking him in the bathroom until he was forced to soil himself. Then she would punish and humiliate him for his "accident". Perhaps some day they would show me. . .

There was a honk outside and I said my ride had come; I thanked her for a wonderful evening and rose to go. At the door she hugged me and told me to come back again. I promised I would. All the way home I pondered on the games people play and the reasons for them. I wished I had asked for one of the pictures she had—some of their "pen pals" had sent polaroids and they were pretty wild.

Are these people mad? Or sexual sophisticates? I guess you'll have to judge—I don't want the job of deciding. I have my opinions but I think I'll just keep them to myself. In any case, at least we can all feel we're not alone. Whatever your own particular turn-on may be, at least you can gain comfort from knowing your next door neighbor is probably kinkier than you are. So as long as no one gets hurt—enjoy.

Know of anything unusual you'd like to share with Cheri readers? Just clue us in on where to find it and we'll try to get the real story to you. Real names are never used and we try to protect the identity of our friends, so 'fess up. . . .

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 24)

have public tours anymore. Too bad.

I'd love to write an article someday just on the history of Pittsburgh. It's a very fascinating city, rich in industry and home of some of the most famous families in the United States. They say the Carnegie family of Carnegie Hall in New York are from Pittsburgh. Michael and Robert of Buffalo, New York, wrote a darling letter telling me they caught my act in Pittsburgh. A lot of people from nearby cities go to Pittsburgh for their ball games and for excellent entertainment. Kaufman's department store is an institution of sorts. It has a clock on the corner attached to the building, and a favorite expression in Pittsburgh is, "If what I tell you isn't true, I'll kiss your ass under Kaufman's clock." Gibby joked that it would be cute to take a picture of him kissing Jacquie Brody's butt under the clock and put it in CHERI.

I was *amazed* to see Earle in the audience there! He gave me the book, *Le Petomane,* several years ago in New York. The book told about a Frenchman who blew out candles with his butt and played tunes with a horn in it, which gave me the idea for my act. The book went into more detail than the article I had read in *Screw.* I still have the book inscribed with Earl's name. I never dreamed I'd run into him in Pittsburgh, but I guess it's his home. I never knew his last name. Perhaps he's from one of those famous families there.

One guy in the audience said he was a go-go boy by the name of "Strange Brew" from Rhode Island. He had a wig on and was a lot of fun. Gibby was a real ham, too. The audience got a laugh out of him. He lit most of the cigarettes when I had one in my puss, and he made sure the lights were right and the music not too loud.

Gibby took Jacquie Brody and me to a crazy night club after work to see the comic, Sammy Petrillo. I had to rush over there before they closed, and threw a dress on real fast, but didn't have time to get all the peanut-butter cleaned off my puss. After a few drinks, I got up on a table next to the wall where a group of men were sitting and raised my dress so only one guy, Ed, could see my peanut-butter puss, and blew a couple of pussy farts at him. I figured he'd be shocked and hide under the table, but instead he grabbed my legs and held me down, and started eating my pussy, peanut-butter and all. He even licked my ass a couple of times. He was very strong and held me down so I couldn't get away. The manager was furious, and pulled me away from Ed. I was very demure the rest of the evening, although a few people came over and asked for Jacquie's and my autograph. We each carried pictures with us which we gave with our autograph.

Jacquie Brody is very well known in Pittsburgh, and was the one who told the agent, Don DeCarlo, about me. Don DeCarlo is an elderly gentleman who used to be a comic. He joined us for dinner several times and was a delightful, charming, and witty conversationalist. He spoke of Charlie Chaplin and all the old-time entertainers he knew.

I was fortunate to be working with another talented comic, Joey Taylor, whom I called "Mr. McGoo" because of his excellent imitation of him. Connie Stevens was performing at a fancy night club in Pittsburgh my second week and Joey said he was going to join her show. They say her show was fabulous, but I wasn't able to see it due to my work schedule.

I met some beautiful girls in Pittsburgh, also. They were: Jessee Lady James, Charity O'Day, Satin Slipper, Tony Lee, Lady Kay, Cathy King, Honey Bee, Snowy Sun, and Tara. Snowy Sun and Tara were both young, beautiful, blue-eyed blondes who served as my warm-up girls. Snowy Sun was my warm-up girl in Philadelphia when she used the name Sherry. It was wonderful to see her again. Tara was my sexy warm-up girl in Pittsburgh. A warm-up girl is a girl who goes on right before the feature and gets the audience in a good mood and "warmed-up." Tara had the audience sizzling hot. She said she was twenty-one, but she looked sixteen. She reminded me of my sexy stripper—nymphet niece Honey-child. Tara was in the hospital for a couple of days and said they took a lot of blood out of her on a routine check-up. I told her they were probably selling it to the Arabs. She said the Arab who gets *her* blood is going to be very happy, as she had a few drinks before her check-up, and had a pretty good alcohol count. I gave her a pink baby-doll pajama set and some Chanel No. 5 perfume, and she said she drove the doctor crazy when she walked around the hospital in her pink baby dolls. She said another patient told her she had better stop it, or she might get raped.

Maureen, the beautiful, dark-eyed beauty at the ticket window, was a pure delight and that Nick the manager wasn't too bad himself. Gibby took us out for dinner frequently. Our favorite spots were Omar Khyyam, Pimante's, and Stauffer's.

I wish to thank Jacquie Brody for getting me acquainted with Pittsburgh. I will be writing more about her in future issues. She recently made a record, *Balling the Jack*, and is soon to star in a Broadway play, "Betty Boop on Broadway." Her husband Jason Brody, the director of the play, is a darling humanitarian-type person, too. They are a beautiful couple.

I did the same act at the Aquarius Adult Center in Gloucester, New Jersey, as I did in Pittsburgh. Gloucester—pronounced, "gloo-chester—according to John "The Barge" (who works for Texaco and whom I met at Red Oak Tavern nearby) is said to be even older than Philadelphia, with a large Irish population—which accounts for the numerous bars. I tried to discourage people from eating the peanut-butter and pickle sandwiches I made with my puss, but on Friday night Ziggy not only ate the sandwich but he ate one of my "exhibit A" pictures, too. "Hungry Chuck" ate a sandwich, and Chuck and Dan took one home for their neighbor, Arnie. One guy got one for his father. The two bachelors from bachelor parties, Trojan and Lyle, each got one, too. Chaddy poured some Jergen's lotion on his before he ate it. He said I made sandwiches almost as good as his friend Barbara. Chaddy said he was from the Highland Tavern nearby, and Dominick, one of the owners of the Aquarius Adult Center, took Angel Star and me to the Highland Tavern Saturday afternoon on one of our breaks. Chaddy had just left, but they showed me his trophy shelf where he put my Jergen's lotion bottle and the brown sack I had put his sandwich in, saying, "Honeysuckle's special peanut-butter Pussy Burger for Chaddy" on it. They say Chaddy is very good in sports, especially football, and has won several trophies. A band, the Has-Beens, was playing some lively ragtime tunes and the dance floor was packed with people dancing up a storm. We met the owner Jim and his wife and baby daughters. We also stopped in at Daly's bar nearby. Jim Daly had seen my act and told me about his bar. It seemed to be a popular place with a wide television screen on the wall. I brushed my tits against a few customers as we left.

I stopped at Fairview Terminal newsstand, formerly called "Shortie's Newsstand", to get some copies of CHERI—but they said the distributor wouldn't bring them CHERI there or even in Philadelphia because it was "too risque." So Dominick got some copies from New York about the middle of the week and I gave away a copy of each show to whoever named the tune I played on the horn (with my puss, of course). They won the "Stump the Cunt" contest. On Saturday night, two women, Molly and Joanne, stumped the cunt and won the prize.

I would like to thank all my friends in Pittsburgh and Gloucester, Pa., for a really wonderful time. I think they have two fantastic cities, and they showed me the best parts of both. I showed them the best parts of *me* and I will always appreciate their enthusiasm! I will try and think of something to do with that big clock. Meanwhile please write to me here at CHERI, and I will answer every last letter!

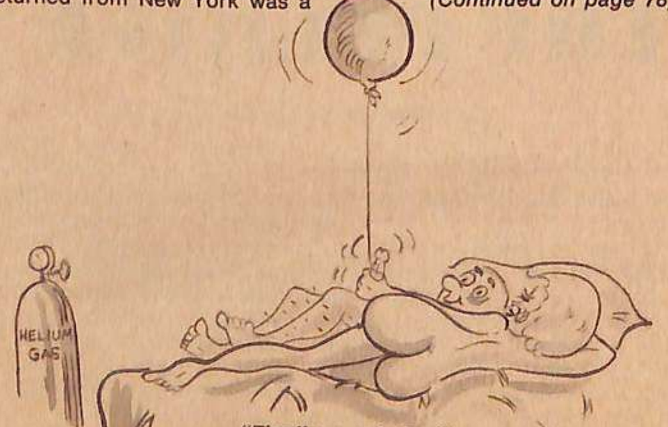
KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 23)

C.O.Y.O.T.E. activities at the convention. Margo told me she was still so exhausted from the Democratic Convention that she wasn't pushing the C.O.Y.O.T.E. movement to the same degree at the Republican Convention. Instead, she was relaxing and having a good time, and selling C.O.Y.O.T.E. T-shirts and buttons. Her sales were doing well so it seemed to me as I looked around and saw my various friends present, including businessmen, attorneys, and a doctor sporting C.O.Y.O.T.E. buttons, which have a picture of a coyote's head on them and have the words "C.O.Y.O.T.E. A Loose Woman's Organization" circling the head. And her C.O.Y.O.T.E. T-shirts were doing equally as well, although most people were holding their shirts instead of wearing them over their clothes. Delegates and network people were buying them also. In fact, Margo sold out of the shirts she had with her in the cocktail lounge while we were visiting. There was one middle-aged, heavy-set delegate who was wearing his C.O.Y.O.T.E. shirt with his credentials and Ford button, too. I asked another fellow, a top K.C. tennis player, where he planned to wear his shirt, and he said on the tennis courts.

Speaking of my friends, one of my all-time favorites was present, and the fact that he was one of those who had immediately "found Margo" upon her arrival in Kansas City didn't surprise me at all. He's an outrageously fun person who practices law, entertains and swings with equal finesse. And seeing him for the first time since I'd returned from New York was a delight. Seeing him, also, led to one of those exhibitionistic moments that can occur occasionally when he and I are around each other. This particular one happened on the balcony by the bar in the middle of the Haberdashery, which was filled with candidates, office holders, delegates, and

(Continued on page 78)



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2

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 76)

press. Somehow seeing my old buddy warmed my sexual desires (which was surprising because I had been making love plenty during convention week). The next thing I knew my hand was on his slacks and I discovered immediate encouragement. I continued caressing him for quite a while while we stood there talking with other people. (I should add that he is well-endowed and his arousal is hard to hide). Then, he took my hand and put it in his pants, I continued playing and we all continued rapping and drinking. Finally, one of our friends, an architect named Homer, looked around the room and asked us if we had any idea why everybody at all the tables below the balcony (the balcony is only raised about two feet from the main floor) were staring at us. We looked around and saw that Homer was right. Everybody was gawking—and loved it! I wiggled my friend's hard cock in a salutation, and he got harder! Instead of being freaked out by the wiggling cock-watchers, he was more turned on. And that's when our own group realized what was happening. They were almost relieved because at least they knew why all the stares. I suggested that I stop, but sexy-cock wouldn't let me. It was a good thing that my right hand was in his pants because some gal my friends weren't particularly fond of, came over to say hello, meet me, and get my autograph (and be nosy). Well, as I'm left-handed, it didn't interfere with my stroking. I merely signed the autograph with my left while not missing a beat with my right. And no one in our audience showed any signs of uptightness but seemed to be enjoying our little intimacy. After about an hour they began showing signs of incredulity that he was still hard. Under the circumstances, I was beginning to find his hardness somewhat amazing myself.

But like all good things, it finally had to come to an end. I had to meet some press people at the Exhibition Hall (part of the Kemper Arena setup), which housed all the press during the convention. The place is right next door to the Arena, and was convenient during the sessions.

Unfortunately, before I left for the Exhibition Hall, I had to let my friend's cock get soft, which was sad since we were both plenty hot and horny. But duty called. And I split. Oh, and Margo had left for dinner with a Kansas City attorney early in the cock-exercises. I planned to see her again in the next 24-hour period.

The Republican National Convention had something special to offer me . . . the opportunity to see various old friends from throughout the country. They were at the convention as delegates, office holders, candidates, and even honored guests and some were a combination of these things. It was great seeing these friends again, and one of them, especially.

This special person and I had kept in touch, although we hadn't seen each other since the last time I was in Washington, D.C. a few years back.

Now the Republican National Convention had brought us together again, him (a southern officeholder), as a delegate, and me for *CHERI*.

When we first saw each other after he arrived in Kansas City, my mind regressed back to those earlier times together. After all, he was still good-looking and sexy. I couldn't help but think of our wild lovemaking and the excellent lover he had been. He had had a super cock and a super mouth. It had always amazed me how he had been both agaionst women libbers and yet a dynamite pussy eater at the same time. Although it's not any kind of rule, I have discovered that men who are strongly against women's liberation are, quite often, men who don't eat pussy either. This man had been a real exception.

While regressing, I thought of my own lovemaking abilities when this sexy blue-eyed man and I were last together. And I realized how much I looked forward to making love with him during the Republican National Convention.

We discussed the changes we'd both been through in the intervening years. Mostly, we'd both gotten fairly famous. His political ambitions were beginning to show good returns. As the week progressed I nosed around enough to find out that his power was beginning to build; several Senators and Congressmen spoke of him with respect, and many other states' delegates accepted him as a leader, as well.

You can imagine what was beginning to build in *me*—even though, dammit, he was still opposed to passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. That we could discuss in a more comfortable position. Unfortunately his state's delegation was quartered at one of our newest, most luxurious hotels—way up north, near the airport. I live in the south suburbs. Would you believe it was a 100-mile round trip every day? And that doesn't include running around to all the convention events. Many times I found myself drowsy and weaving on the road home, late at night.

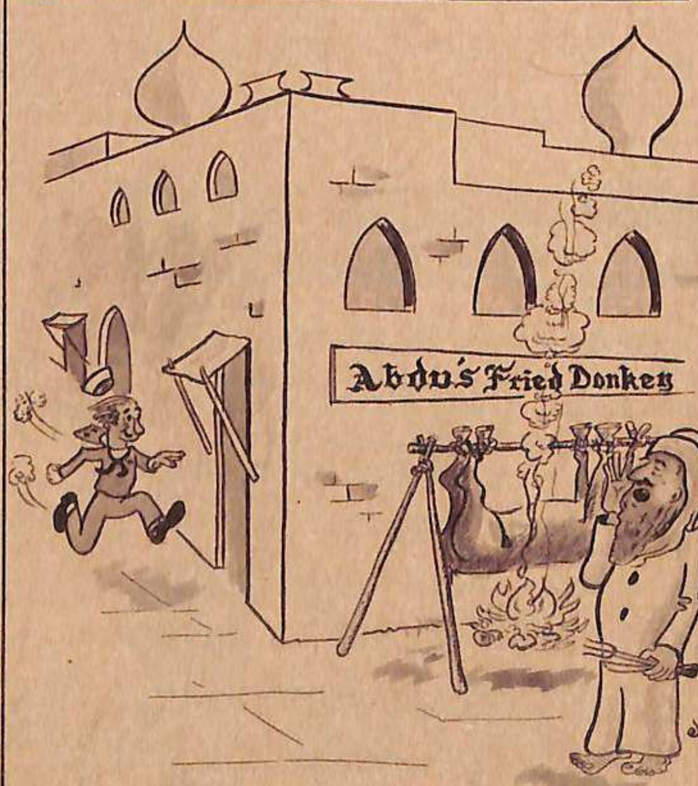
But, baby, we managed. In fact, we made love several times during the convention. Where did we find the time? If two people are into each other and good sex enough, they'll find it. With us, the sex was a hell of a lot better than checking out Yippies in toilets, or even catching needed sleep. Sleep we could get *after* the convention.

He was still one magnificent stud. Tremendously versatile, tender and experimental—he'd gotten much more experienced since last we loved. We made love all over the map. East and west, north and south, in and out of the time zones, over the mountains, from sea to shining sea. No matter where our bodies connected, it was fantastic.

During my working hours I taped interviews with Congressmen and movers and shakers of a different sort. "Did you know, my dear," one of the most prestigious revealed to me, "that moldy peanuts cause cancer?" Then he gasped. In the same instant, we'd both envisioned the same scandalous headline—"Congressman Plushbottom exposes Jimmy Carter's secret cancer-causing crop to Jody Maxwell!!" Quickly he asked me not to quote him by name. He also qualified the statement, telling me he'd read it in *U.S. News and World Report*. Turns out—if you care—he was right. In an interview with Dr. Jean Mayer, he describes the carcinogenic (cancer-causing) effects of certain molds—one of which grows on peanuts. In America we're protected by preservatives and very selective peanut-sorting machines. But in Africa, the reject peanuts are eaten by very poor people—who have a fantastic rate of liver cancer, a very rare form here. (Who says CHERI isn't educational?)

Meanwhile, back at the delegate hotels, all was not horseplay and pink elephants. So many convention sessions lasted so late that many participants found their partying places closed when they returned. The Alaska delegation, after one long, hot meeting, was looking forward to a swim in the lavish, glass-enclosed pool and a calm-

(Continued on page 98)



Piece of ass . . . get your piece of ass . . .

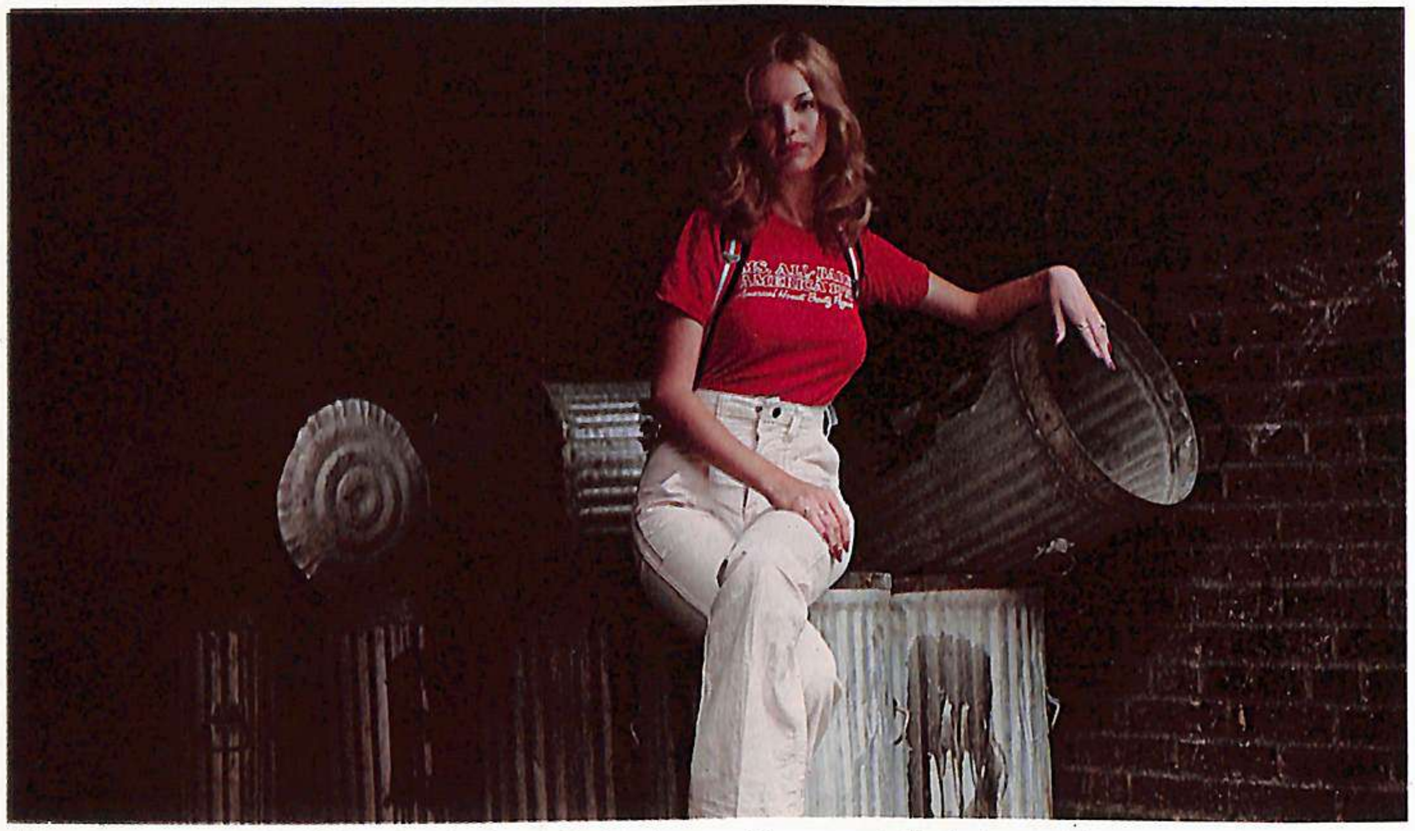
ROBIN SCHWARTZ

A portfolio from America's foremost female erotic photographer

By DIANA CLAPTON

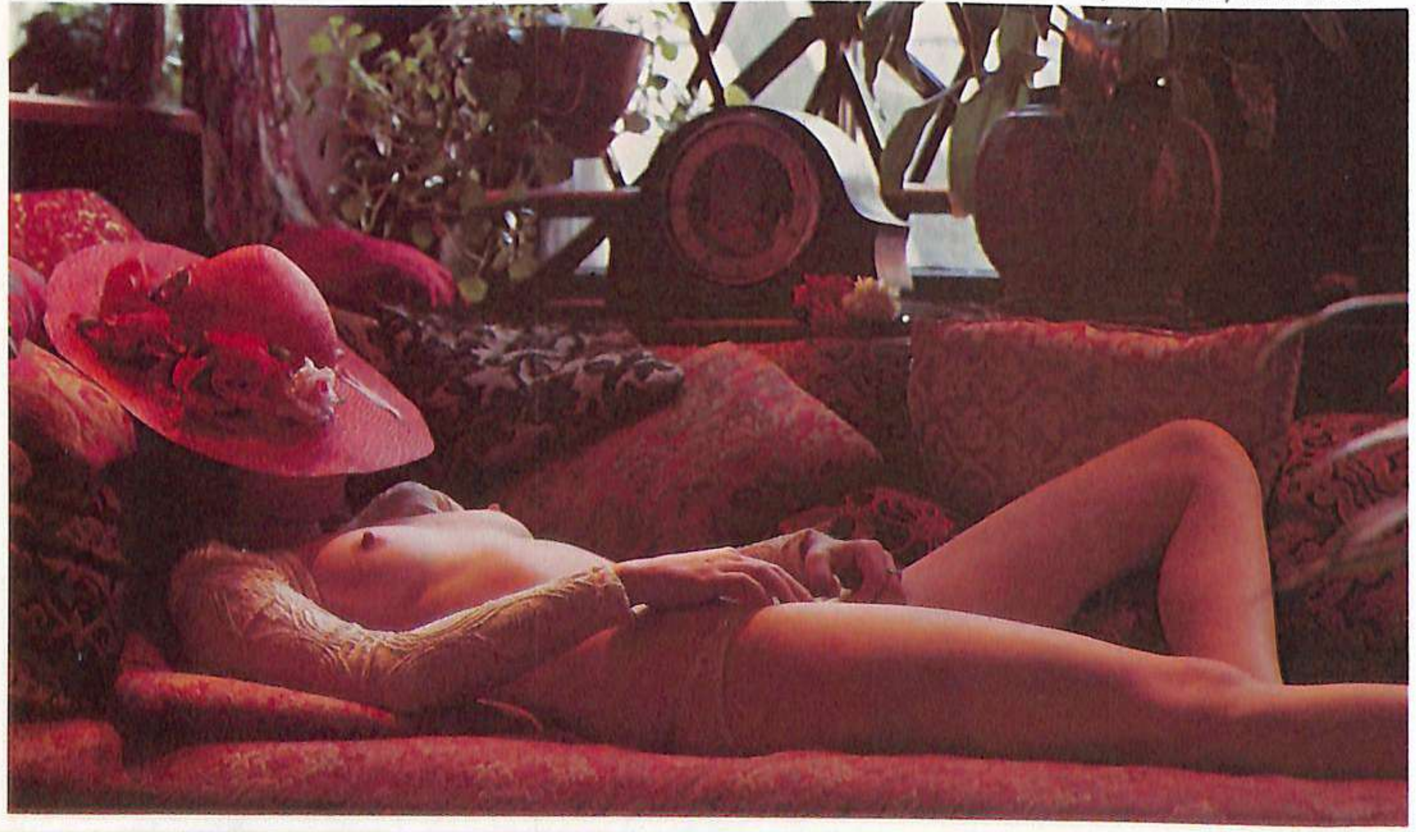
The lady, a soulful, playful New Yorker, was once a set photographer, then a photo-journalist, and then took a course at NYU called "Lighting The Nude." It was taught by a certain Italian called Bob G. who will not be mentioned here as he is a famous publisher of The Competition. She took the course with 25 men and one very proper lady who owned a photo gallery. It was a trip.

"I had just come out of my screaming Betty Dodson period," says Robin Schwartz, probably the most active portraitist of pussy in America. Since the era when she spent a year working with Dodson, the masturbation maven, through her seductive, extremely personal lens have passed some of the more sexual skin-trippers of our time. One was Doug Johns, who manufactures superb cunts, boobs and cocks in passionate porcelain. "Anyway, our first class assignment was to bring in a shot of whatever turned us on. All the men brought in



"Tammy, runner-up in Ms. All-Bare America. I was hired to document the pageant. She had a special quality that set her apart from the others. It's a little hard to describe. She was so sweet, natural, passive . . . the way her wrists fall; that says it all."

"Somebody sent Valerie to me. She'd been a girlfriend of one of the New York Dolls and did their make-up for them. She kind of floated through life; there was an easiness about all of her movements . . . she was one of my first really erotic shots."



Rosie on mylar, oiled and lubed. A sexy shot, but she's really in control—look at the hard-edged anonymity of her reflector sunglasses. I'd done some commercial shots with her, and then we decided to play with effects and see what happened."

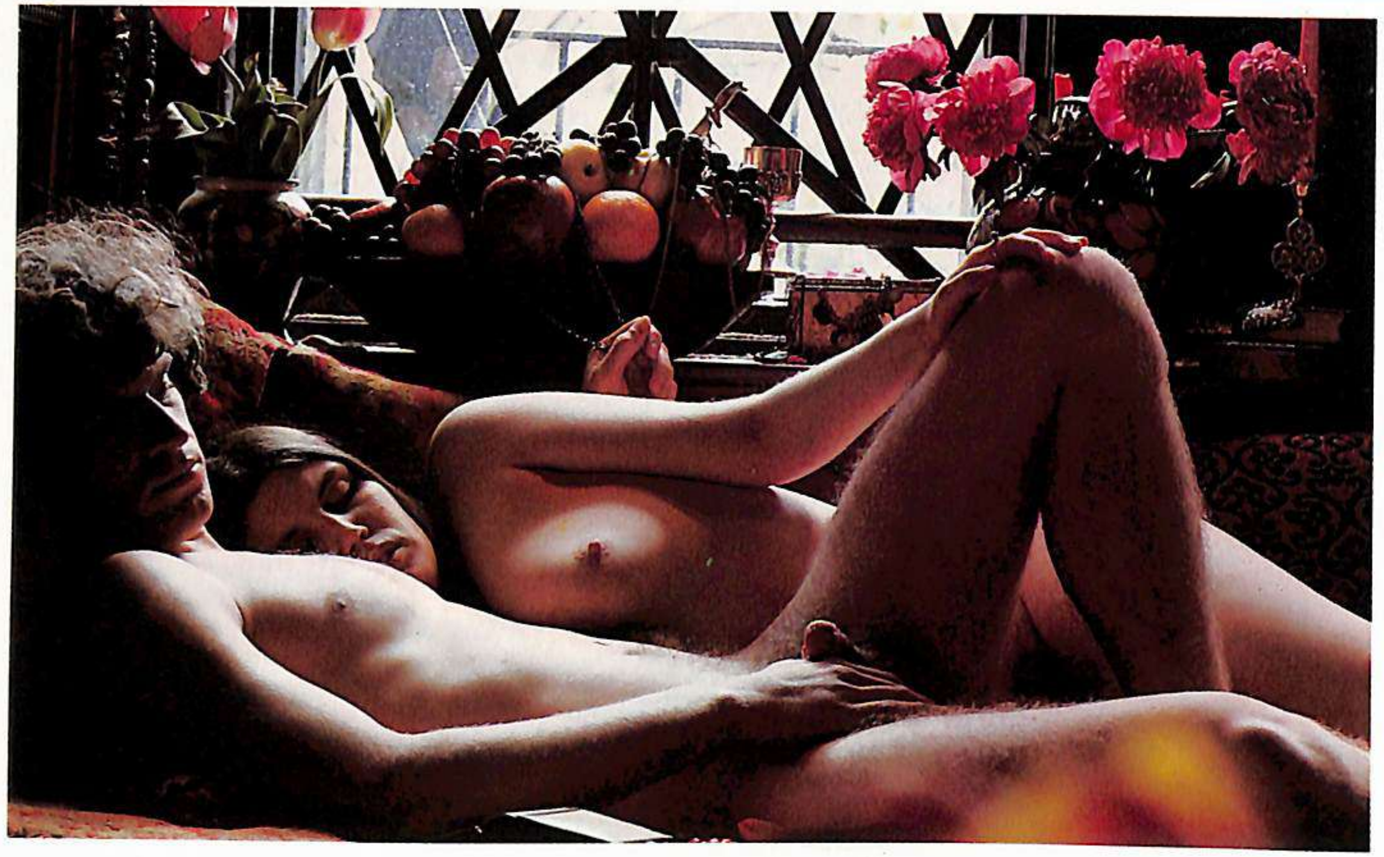
"Doesn't this model have the most gorgeous face? She's another Lauren Bacall. We'd done a shoot for a magic magazine. She was so wonderfully expressive that every shot she struck was a parody, bigger than life. She's so good—a natural commedienne."

"I love showing a strong woman in control—to me, that's much more erotic than this pretend-sexy stuff. It was Jones Beach at 5 A.M. in April—which may account for the primitive, animalistic expression on her face."

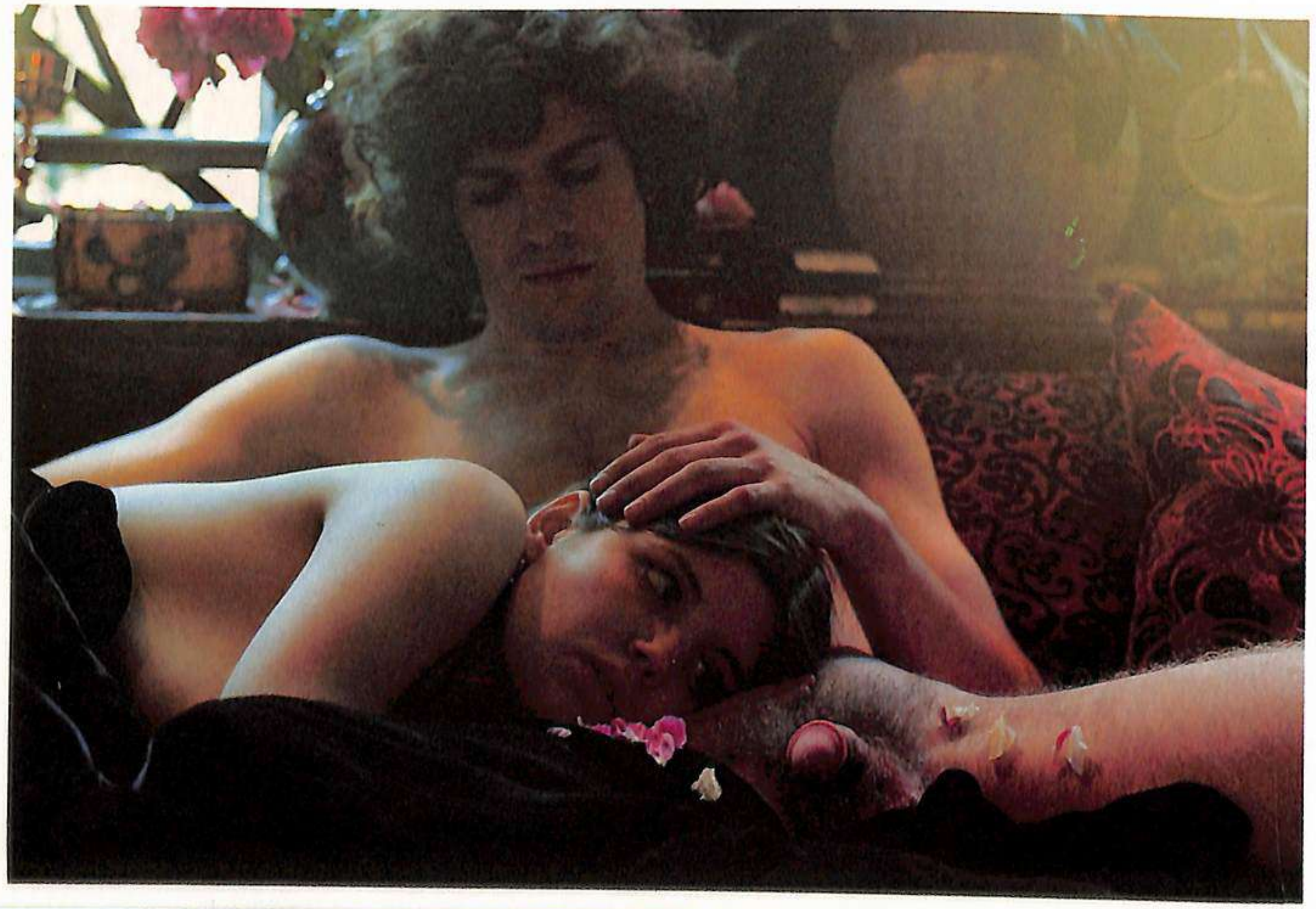
"Two English friends, Giselle and her boyfriend, Peter. They threw me into a fantasy mood. In the top photo, I wanted to portray a woman's ecstasy using only a part of his body—I like the suggestion of certain parts, not full body shots. I did all the make-up myself, and we spent the whole afternoon playing and posing in the studio."

the stock girlie shots and I presented the first of my . . . crotch-watching series." Miss Schwartz is an astute student of bulges, just like you, only in her case, below the belt.

"Oh-wow!" said The Competitor. "Work this up—we'll use it in a magazine!" She did, and he did, in *VIVA*. She had found a willing



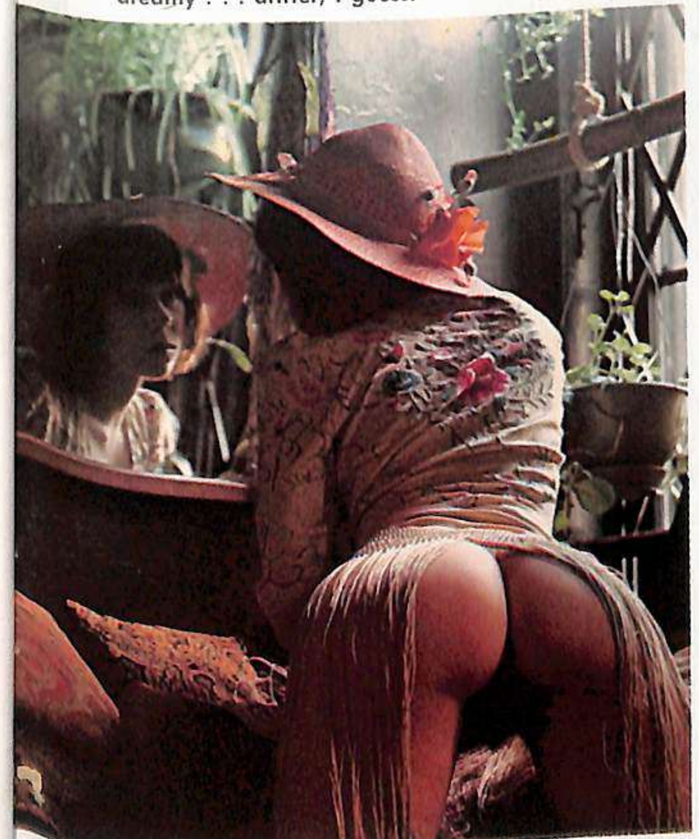
"I found this beautiful boy selling flowers in the street and asked him to bring his girlfriend to the studio. It astonished me that they were so happy to come up and throw off their clothes for me. But then I guess I don't look like the average rapist-photographer."



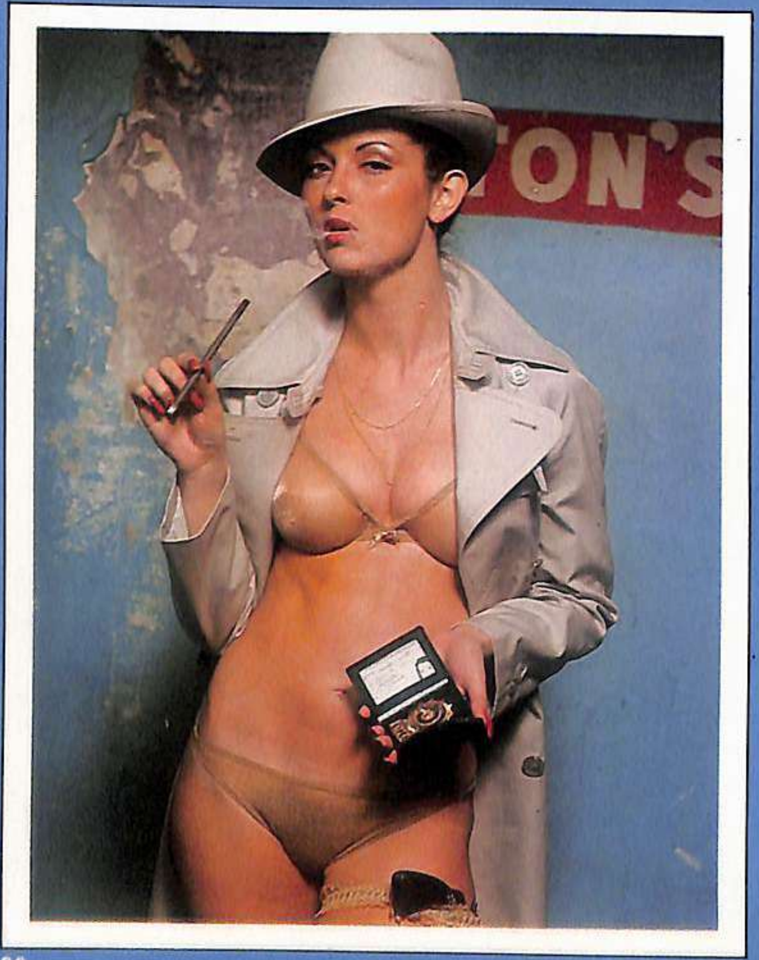
"Valerie again, with me romantic and she sultry. She was a girl in love with trips and she fell in love with being photographed. Now I'd see her in a much more realistic manner."

"There's a split second when we . . . connect, when I get the inspiration. The rest of it comes from your gut."

"We both agreed that Valerie's best feature was her ass. And that whimsical quality of being a beautiful, dreamy . . . drifter, I guess."



"Annabelle and Kenny—one of my early experiments. I met them one day in Doug Johns' studio and asked them if they'd be up for it. I like the humor here, the playfulness with the feather in the shot below—just a light touch of eroticism, nothing heavy. And the man nude, the woman dressed—for once!"



"A woman with a gun—
that's one way of
evening things up...."

market for her lusty lenswomanship of both the male and female form.

"The thing I noticed right off about photographing women," she says with conviction, "is that yes, I'll make her sexy, but I *love* to show her in command. I really like to laugh at men—in a way. You can't do it in real life so you might as well try it in your work." Right here we will tell you that Robin has been happily married for four years.

"I always find men's cocks very amusing. I'd love to have one for a day just to try it out—but I'm sure I'd give it back. I think a lot of that aggression trip is having something to stick into a girl. But now some women are getting so aggressive they take over in bed and literally fuck the man. What bums me out is that nobody has a sense of humor about it. That's what I try to project in my work—that a lot of what goes down is really very funny."

"I really like men, and I like women, but the animosity between them in this city has become so intensified . . . the other day, when I was walking down the street, I saw it as a combat zone in the war between them. And no woman has done any photography dealing with this—men have all these magazines, open forums, where they can get it all out. And we don't, not yet. I'll do a book on that, someday."

Robin is very charming. She looks at you with those sympathetic big green eyes and sees the allure you always wanted to express, and you play to it. "There's a split second when we . . . connect, when I get the inspiration for a picture. Friends would drift through that I really cared about. Or I'd run into someone riding around on my bike. That's a lot of it—the rest of a good shot comes from your gut."

"I love fantasy trips. This is a feisty lady detective in search of the white underwear gang. She herself is wearing very sexy lingerie. Men wear such awful baggy shorts. See, when she apprehends the criminal here, he's rewarded with the girl when he switches to bawdy bikinis—which is the moral of the tale."

BETTY BOOTS

THE SEXUAL ODYSSEY OF ELIZABETH BUTERA

by Barbara Bolton

She was born Elizabeth Butera in Rochester, New York. By 1973 she was living in San Francisco, dancing topless as Betty Boots.

Police description: 24 years of age; white female; blonde hair, green eyes; complexion, pale; 5'6"; 120 pounds; no scars or identifying marks. *Never seen without boots.*

Boots are her trademark. She owns more than eighty pair, ankle- to thigh-high, all with sharp spiked heels. For her wardrobe (when she wore anything at all besides those boots) she stuck to leather, vinyl, and rubber—a hot tip from her former press agent. For the fetishers, he had said. The men this combination attracted were mostly losers. And losers—she found to her surprise and delight—made sensational lovers! The last-always crowd had a compulsion to prove their potency somewhere, anywhere—and many proved it over and over in bed with Betty Boots.

In January of 1976 Betty Boots hit a windfall. One of her 'boyfriends', downcast heir to a sugar fortune and a classic loser of monumental proportions, blew his brains out and left Ms. Butera-Boots $1,600,000. Enough for a thousand or so new double shit-kickers. She phoned her press agent the same day and quit the club. "You may," she purred, "stick your little Bulgarian cock up your fat Bulgarian ass. I quit." Betty bought $10,000 worth of traveler's checks and thirty-five new pair of boots and booked passage on the *SS Olympiad*, the biggest and most luxurious floating pleasure-barge the Greeks had

(Continued on page 90)

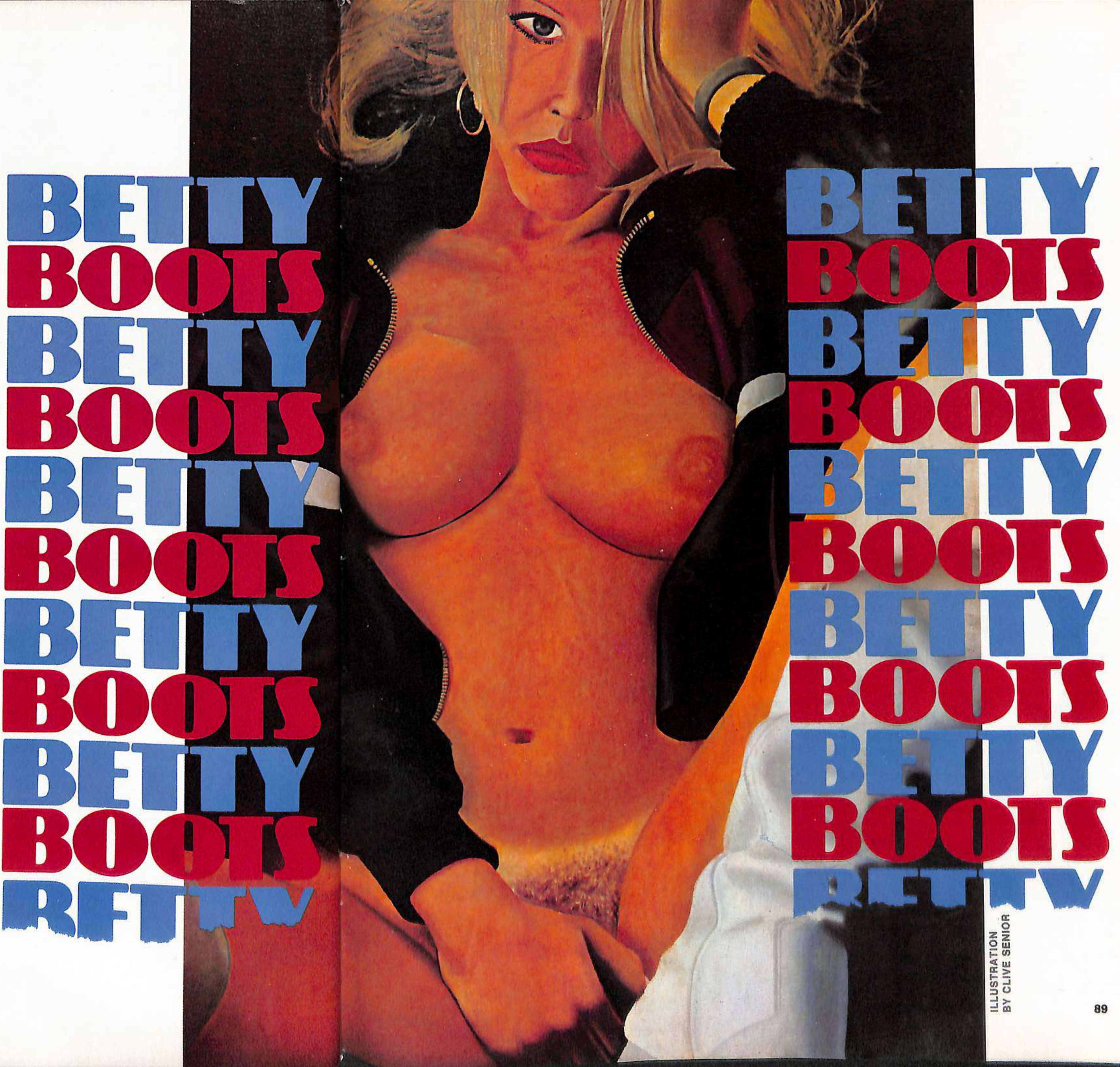


ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE SENIOR

ever released for cruising purposes. She packed her best leathers and her sexiest vinyls and dreamt of conquests on the high seas—all the way down the coast of California and Mexico; through Central America and the Panama Canal; across the Gulf and the Atlantic to Morocco; *weeks* on the Mediterranean! There would be lots of free time. And a handful of nautical possibilities.

This is the story of her sexual Odyssey, of Betty Boots on the bounding main.

***

"A million and a half? You gotta start somewhere." San Francisco Bay turned the color of dishwater and .32 calibre raindrops hit the Embarcadero as Betty's cab pulled up at Pier 34. The cabbie's eyes had been riveted to the rear-view mirror all the way down the hill, staring at her. She swung one leg out the door—a long, curvaceous column of white vinyl—and flipped the driver a twenty-dollar bill.

"Get your ass back there and open the trunk. And keep the change. You look like you need it."

He did as he was told. The stevedore was already there as Betty climbed out rear-end first and slung two enormous yellow leather bags on his outstretched arms. Behind them was the dingy embarkation building and looming high over everything, the massive *SS Olympiad*.

"Some rowboat," said Betty, and picked her way around puddles toward the embarkation building, leading a line of stupified porters and the breathless stevedore to struggle along behind with her bags and trunks. She ignored the line at the "A Deck" counter and went straight to the front, pulling open her black vinyl raincoat. She slipped her passport out from somewhere under her strained cleavage and all four embarkation officers stood up simultaneously.

"Hey, what is this!" shouted somebody at the back of the line. Betty and the officers ignored such rude intrusions and she was given anything she asked for: the choicest cabin, two cabin attendants, and full deck privileges. She meant to use them, too. She was ushered up the gangway amidst high excitement, and was met at the top by a stern-looking young officer with a clipped goatee. He had been watching the proceedings below with some amusement.

"Good evening," he smiled, and extended his hand.

"Hi there," said Betty, and squeezed it. "You the captain of this tub?"

"I'm the ship's surgeon. Allow me to introduce myself. Nikos Demetrios, at your service."

She planted a foot close to his. "I'm Betty Boots. At my service, huh?" she cooed. "What's your specialty, doctor?"

Two deckhands strolled by and the surgeon pulled away slightly. "Er, general surgery, Miss Boots. But perhaps I can help you with your cabin assignment?"

"Sure," she grinned. "And then maybe you can give me a little help with a female complaint."

He took her elbow solicitously and steered her towards the Purser's desk. "What sort of complaint might that be?" he asked, nodding at a passing officer.

Betty smiled at the officer headed the other direction and said sweetly to the doctor, "I need a nice navy-blue-steel cock up my cunt."

***

Five minutes later in her stateroom, Doctor Demetrios struggled with the gold ship's-anchor buttons of his uniform as Betty tapped her booted foot, waiting. "You got slow fingers for a surgeon, honey," she announced. He threw his coat and pants on the floor on top of her black vinyl raincoat and dress, and kicked off his regulation-issue shoes. She stood laughing in the center of the room, legs apart and naked—naked, that is, except for two long, slim, snakelike vinyl boots.

"Aren't you going to take them *off*?"

"Touch my boots and you'll need a little surgery yourself. Get over here. Let's see what the doctor knows about eating cunt."

He staggered over, fell to his knees and buried his tongue in her warm, wet, flowering lovebud.

"They do this in Greece?" she said, rolling his head around in her hands and wiping some of her juices over his little black mustache.

"Ancient tradition," he mumbled almost inaudibly. "Old as Parthenon." Doctor Demetrios sucked and nibbled on her clitoris, running his tongue around it again and again, and Betty sighed approvingly. He opened his mouth to completely cover her throbbing cunt, licking her up and down, and Betty moaned.

"Oh, very nice," she breathed. "Must be all those olives and Souflaki. Goat cheese. Retsina. Ouzu. Oooo!" He replied with something that was utterly incoherent, his face slick with Betty's warm juices. She pressed her boots against his thighs, prodding him with the points; he kneaded her firm ass with both hands and buried his head deeper, whimpering; and as the great ship gave three long, low, devastating blasts for take-off, Betty came. All over the doctor's face.

***

Betty's howls were lost in the foghorn blasts, and as the ship lurched away from the pier, she lost her balance and fell against the berth. The frenzied Doctor Demetrios was on her before you could cry Fore and Aft, and rammed his ever-ready nautical prick up the sensitive young lady's hothouse garden. He came like a cannon on the third thrust, groaning, yelling something totally unintelligible in Greek as the hot sperm shot into her and spilled down the inside of one thigh—and onto one of her boots. She jerked her head up and shoved the gaping Greek off of her, holding one leg in the air to survey the damage.

"Get that crap off my boot!" she hissed.

He raised his head, dazed, and said, "I beg your pardon?"

She pointed angrily to the cum sliding down one white vinyl boot. "Be a good doctor and clean up your mess. Lick it off." She shoved his head down and he dutifully licked off the mess he'd made, making little cries as he did so. "That's a good boy," she smiled, and smoothed back his blue-black curly hair. Neither of them had noticed the sea of navvies watching boggle-eyed at the porthole, but they both heard the knock at the door.

"Who is it?" Betty shouted, pushing the doctor away and standing up, legs spread, boots ready.

"Purser, Madam," said the muffled voice on the other side of the door. A slow smile worked its way across her flushed face.

"Just a minute, honey!" she cried, and to the exhausted doctor, said, "Get dressed and get out. I'll call you if I need more medical advice further down the coast."

The faces at the porthole had disappeared. The doctor fumbled with his clothes, wiping his glistening face on the inside of his uniform. There was a further knock on the door.

"Hurry up, doc," she said, draping her vinyl raincoat over one bare shoulder. "Coming!" she called out cheerily to the door. "This," she grinned to herself, "is gonna be one helluva cruise. I think I'm gonna like sailing."

The doctor slipped sheepishly out and Betty stood in the middle of the room, legs apart and boots shining, as the Purser stepped over the transom.

***

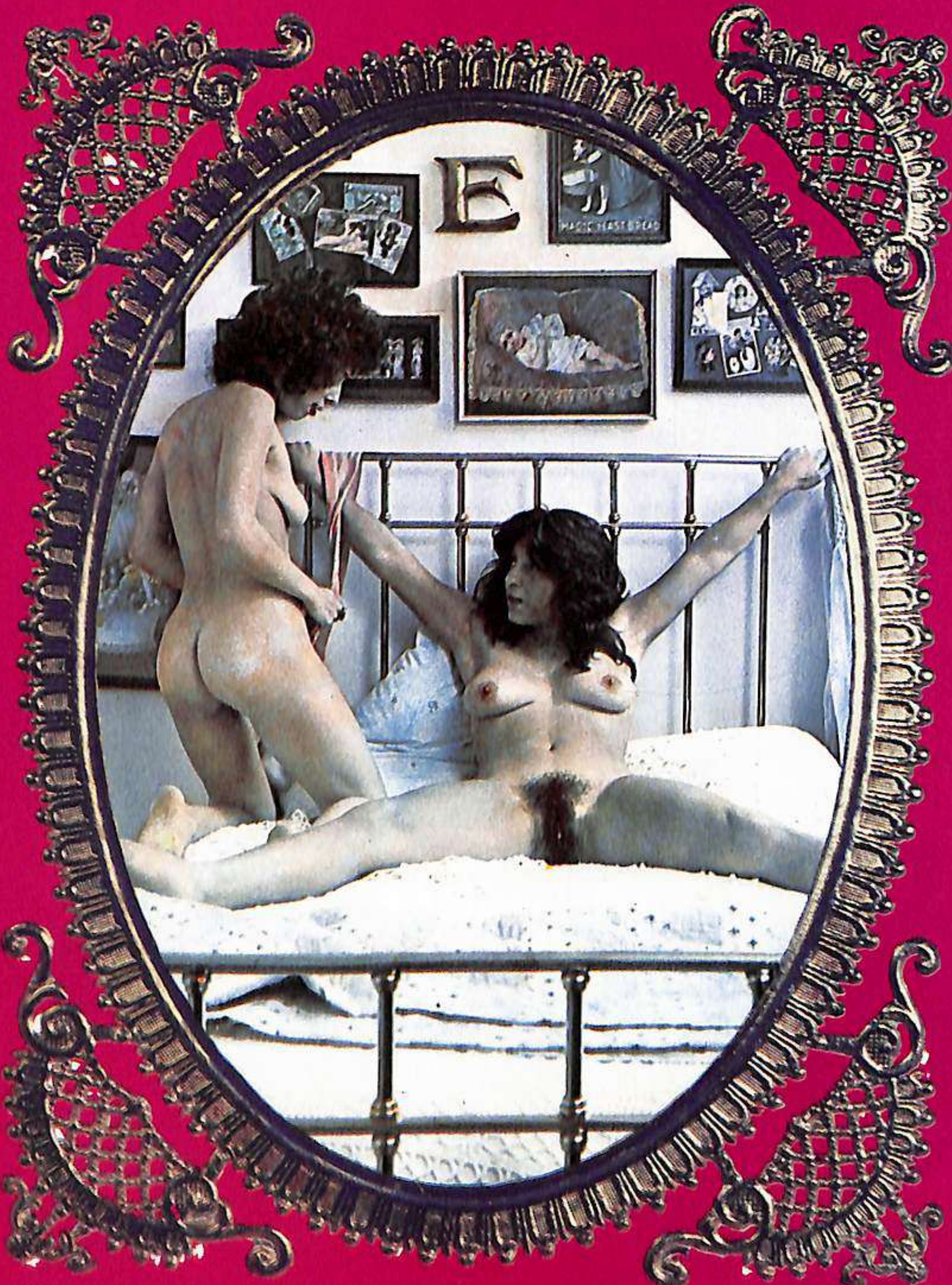
"If there's anything else you want to know about fucky-sucky, don't be afraid to ask, Daddy!"

TWO WOMEN IN Lust

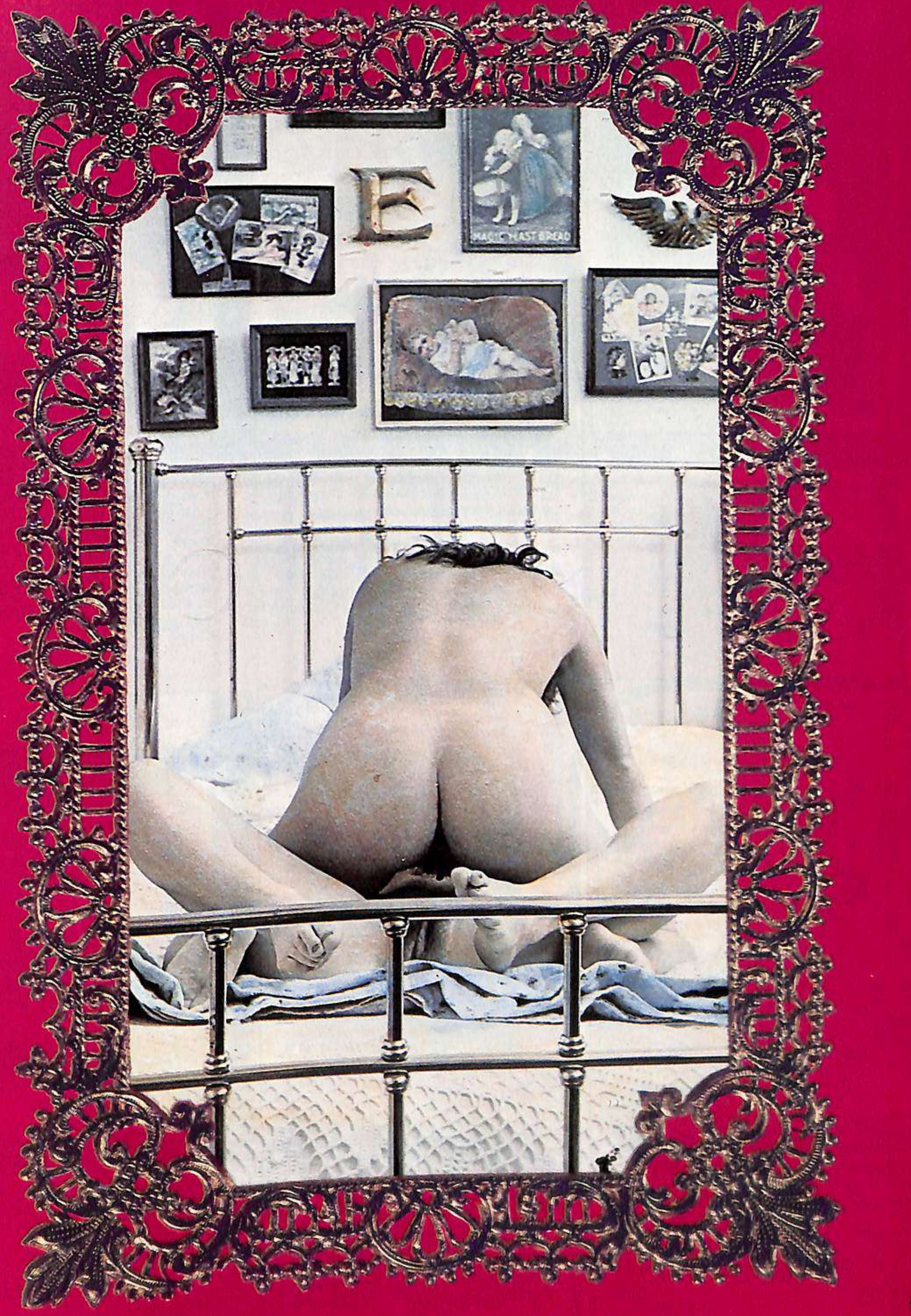
"I used to have a recurring fantasy that I was a gym teacher and had a class of girls standing in front of me nude. I went up and down the rows feeling all their breasts."

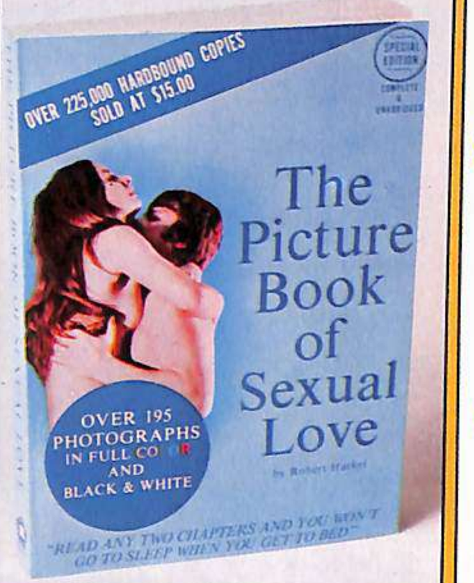
A rhapsody in photos by Roberto Morrison with fantasies by the Boston Women's Healthbook collective (from *Our Bodies, Our Selves*, published by Simon & Schuster.)

TWO WOMEN IN Lust



"At the height of making love with a man, I wished he was a woman. I wished he didn't have a penis. I wished he wasn't him but more like me."

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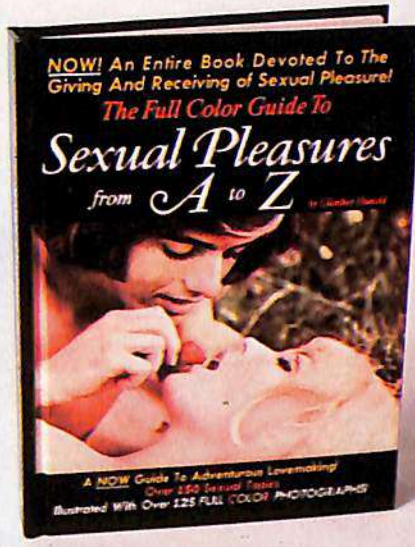
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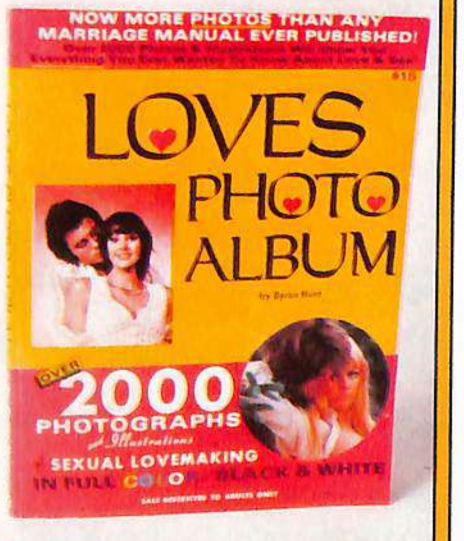
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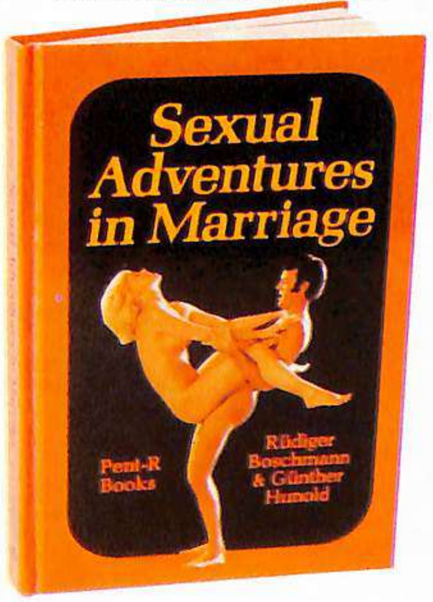
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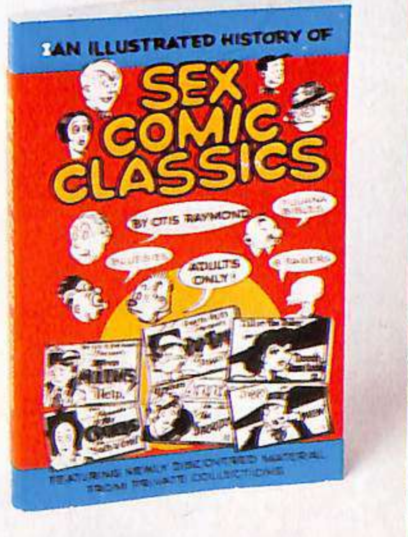
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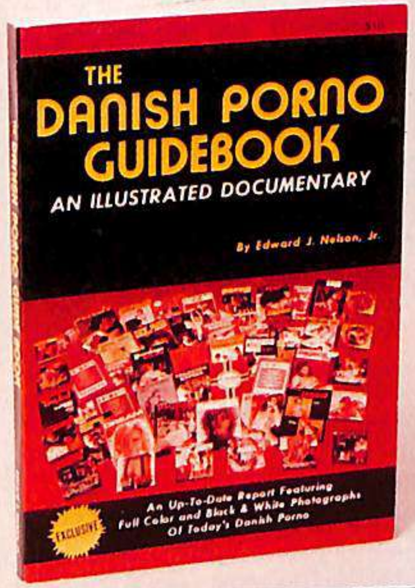
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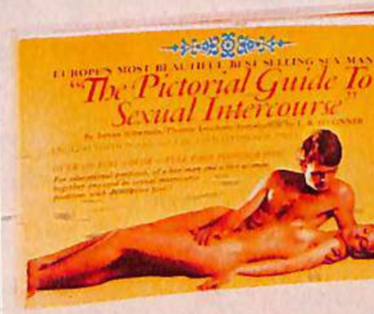
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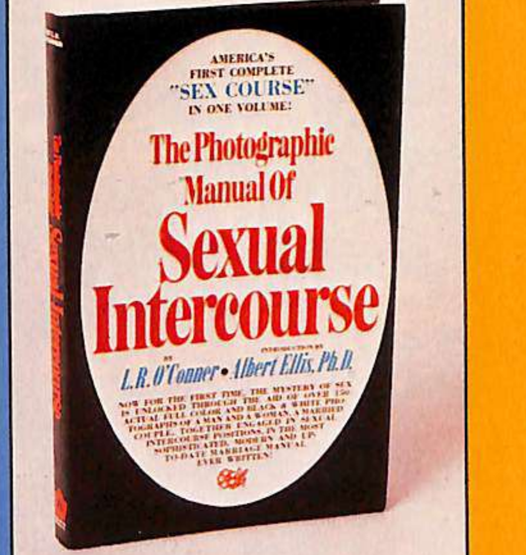
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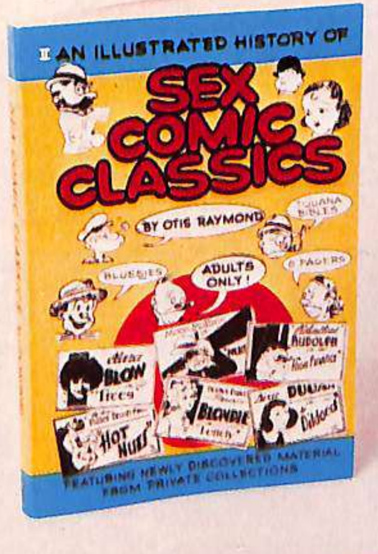
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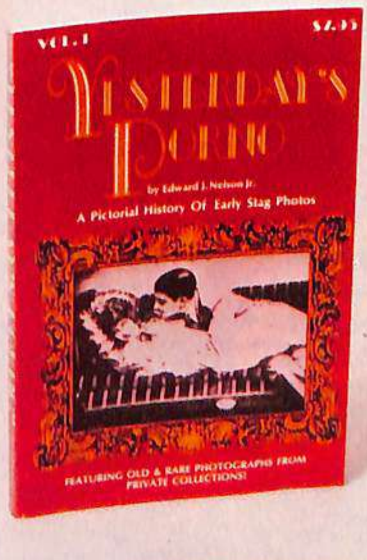
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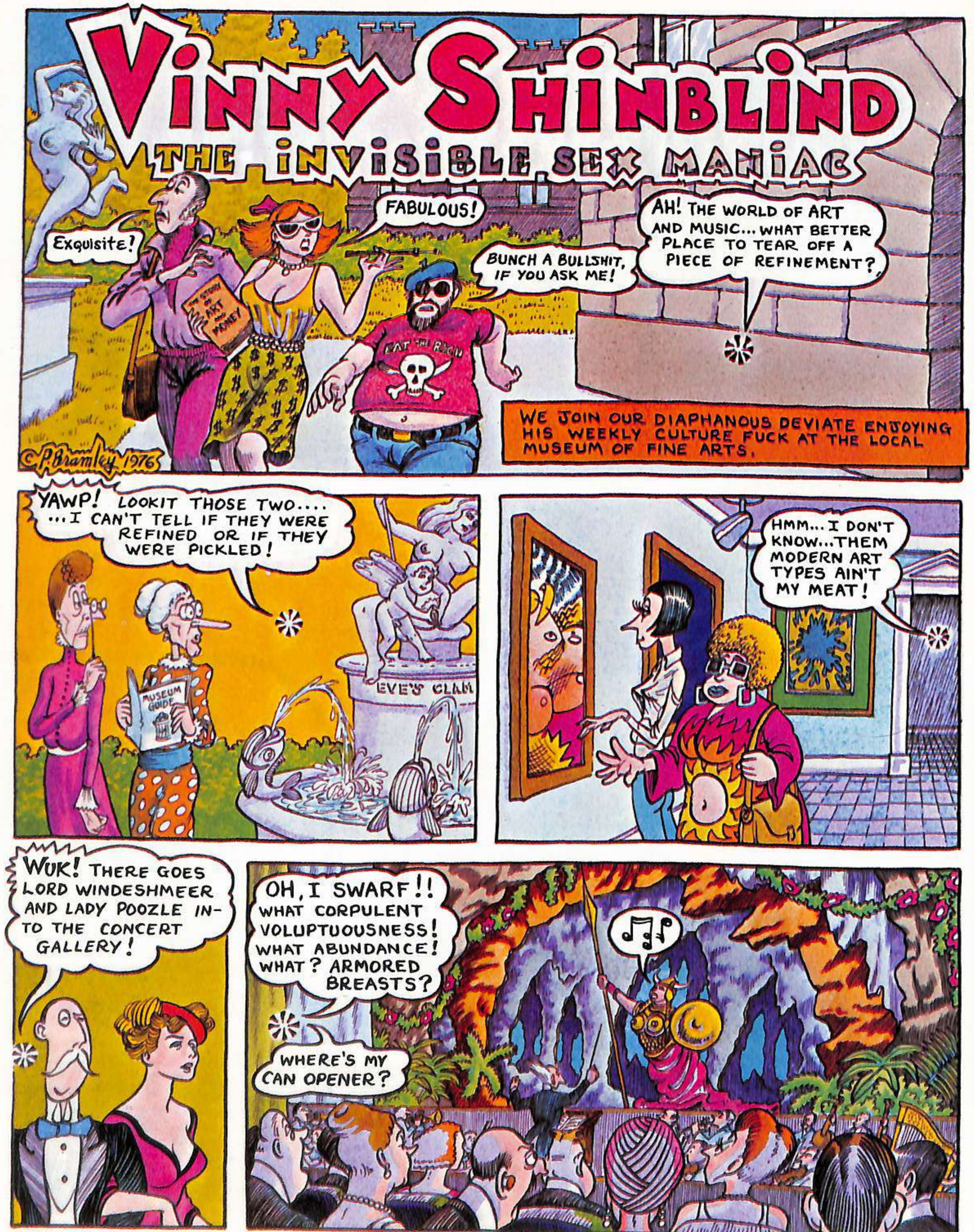
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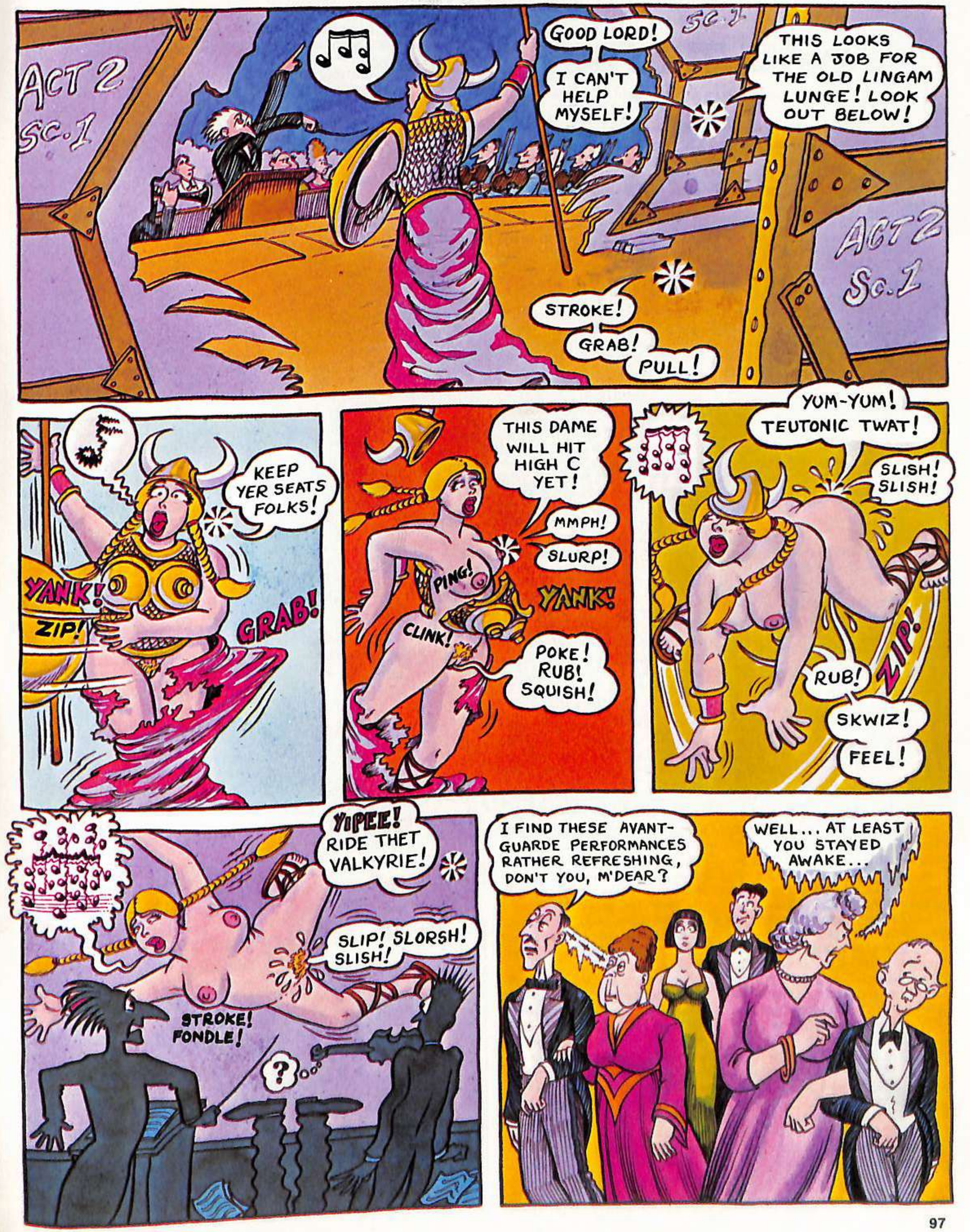
WE JOIN OUR DIAPHANOUS DEVIATE ENJOYING HIS WEEKLY CULTURE FUCK AT THE LOCAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.
YAWP! LOOKIT THOSE TWO.... ...I CAN'T TELL IF THEY WERE REFINED OR IF THEY WERE PICKLED!
MUSEUM GUIDE
EVE'S CLAM
HMM... I DON'T KNOW... THEM MODERN ART TYPES AIN'T MY MEAT!
WUK! THERE GOES LORD WINDESHMEER AND LADY POOZLE INTO THE CONCERT GALLERY!
OH, I SWARF!! WHAT CORPULENT VOLUPTUOUSNESS! WHAT ABUNDANCE! WHAT? ARMORED BREASTS?
WHERE'S MY CAN OPENER?


ACT 2 SC. 1
GOOD LORD!
I CAN'T HELP MYSELF!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE OLD LINGAM LUNGE! LOOK OUT BELOW!
ACT 2 SC. 1
STROKE!
GRAB!
PULL!
KEEP YER SEATS FOLKS!
YANK!
ZIP!
GRAB!
THIS DAME WILL HIT HIGH C YET!
MMPH!
SLURP!
PING!
YANK!
CLINK!
POKE! RUB! SQUISH!
YUM-YUM! TEUTONIC TWAT!
SLISH! SLISH!
ZIP!
RUB!
SKWIZ!
FEEL!
YIPEE! RIDE THET VALKYRIE!
SLIP! SLORSH! SLISH!
STROKE! FONDLE!
?
I FIND THESE AVANT-GUARDE PERFORMANCES RATHER REFRESHING, DON'T YOU, M'DEAR?
WELL... AT LEAST YOU STAYED AWAKE...

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 78)

ing cocktail at the bar. Both were closed up tight.

Open up, asked the Alaskans—nicely. No dice, said the manager. Alaskans think big. Well, then, we'll just buy the joint, and then *we'll* open it up, they reasoned. They started serious negotiations. The stunned proprietor came to his senses before he found himself on the street. Now that he thought it over, that pool *should* be open all night. And the bar—well, there was a strong Missouri liquor law regarding closing hours—but—. The upshot was one hell of an all-night blown-out bash, and they weren't downing Kool-Aid, fans.

The Massachusetts people heard about it and joined in as did others as the word traveled. The Republicans had to work harder at their convention, yet they sure managed to play harder as well. There were lots of really good times between meetings and sessions.

After finding out the tumescing truth about Secret Service Agents at the Democratic Convention, (see previous issue), I suddenly found myself bombarded by agents at the Republican Convention. One night at the arena, three different ones asked me out and a couple more came over and rapped. These poor guys, working 12 hour shifts, finished about the same time the bars in Missouri closed, and they had yet to have a cocktail and relax after duty, they complained. I asked them where they were staying because the Kansas Private Clubs, which doesn't mean all that much, are open until 3:30 am! To my amusement they said they were staying at Breech Academy. They didn't even realize that Breech was in Kansas and near a couple of popular after hours clubs. What was amusing to me was they didn't seem to know that Breech Academy is T.W.A.'s flight attendants' school. And I thought the Secret Service knew everything.

Unfortunately, I had to turn down the various invitations of the agents, as I was already spoken for. At least, I was able to assist them with their "bar" problem. And at the next night's session they came over and thanked me.

The press had to work harder at this Convention, but were happier than they were at the Democratic Convention. At least they didn't have to scrape for stories or create them. There was always something happening. And they had their pick, if they wanted a change of pace, from heavy to light. For example, if any working journalists were tired of Ford and Reagan they could always check out the 40-year-old nude candidate, who kept taking off all his clothes and getting arrested . . . running on the theme that he "had nothing to hide."

As I did in New York, I met some really sharp news media people covering the events. There was the darling German with NBC who invited me and my guests to NBC's party at Oakwood Country Club, to be held the final night of the convention after the last session. We also received invites to the other network parties. CBS was holding theirs at a country club in Kansas, and ABC's across the street from Crown Center Hotel.

Since NBC's invitation had come to me first and by one of the men in charge, I accepted it. If I could have figured out a way to have physically made it to all three, I would have. But it would have taken, at the very least, a helicopter. Oakwood is located even further south than my home.

My special friend from the south accompanied me to NBC's "cast" party. And what a party! I wouldn't even want to try and figure out the cost. It was set up on the grounds of the Club in the vicinity of the pool and terraces. The decor was lavish, the liquor only the finest, and the food exquisite. And the people, hundreds, perhaps even a thousand or two. I know there weren't crashers. The security was tight from the street even to the parking lot. Everybody was checked to see if he was NBC or a bona-fide guest.

The NBC people were absolutely beautiful. We had dinner with some of the head honchos and they were "together" people. We visited with others there as well. Mrs. Block of the H and R Block tax people family and I discussed pickles, of all things. (I love pickles and so does she.) It was a loose, happy, gracious crowd, letting its hair down after the last curtain.

Reluctantly, we had to leave far sooner than we would have liked, but I had to drive my man all the way up north again, as he was catching a plane at dawn. So north we went. And we made love one last time before take-off.

Besides my old friend from the south and all the other dynamite guys I met at the Republican National Convention, early that week I became acquainted with a great news photographer. He was shooting the convention for one of the leading news magazines. He'd previously taken pictures of me on the floor at the Democratic Convention in my *CHERI* T-shirt, he told me. After taking the pictures in New York, he found out who I was. When he learned that I was at the Republican Convention he saw to it that we were introduced. He stayed over after the convention had ended, so that we could be alone together. We had spent the early hours before dawn one morning during the convention, rapping. Unfortunately, that's how crazy my schedule was.

I grew to really like this fellow. He was a beautiful, gentle, sexy, sensitive individual—a rare breed. We discovered we had all sorts of crazy things in common, such as deep-fried artichoke hearts and mushrooms, and other edibles. We sat in an automobile for over four hours the first time we were alone. And though we didn't make love in that car, I knew that this man, who I was so turned on to as a human being, would be a fantastic lover. The weekend at the end of the convention when delegates were heading home, I found him to be everything I had imagined. He was an exquisite bedmate, a true sensualist, who set me on fire. And I found his intricate personality fascinating as well. I was sorry to see him leave, but he had another "shoot" beginning. He is one of those special memories of the convention that gives me good vibrations. We'll see more of each other.

After the Republican Convention was over I thought back on both it and the Democatic Convention. I thought of all the differences between the two conventions, and I thought of their similarities (i.e. Secret Service men, lots of same faces from the press, etc.) and I thought of my own experiences at the two conventions. . . . Finally, I realized both conventions had ended in essentially the same manner for me—making love and finding myself satisfied and exhausted. And I knew, then, our political system was still the best in the whole damn world.

"Open your shirt and let's have a look at that gut!"

UP AND CUMMING

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